

Hypnosis

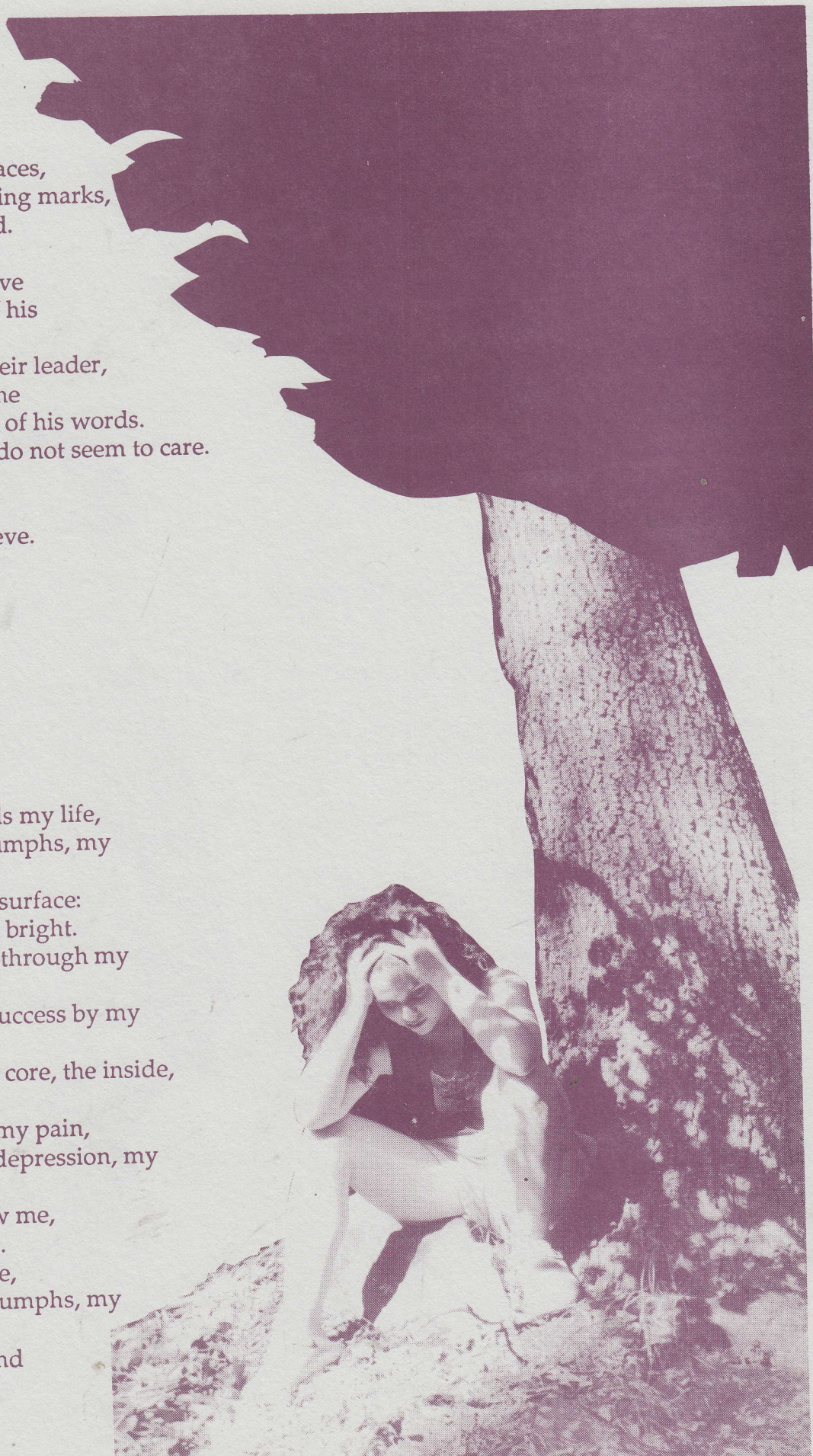
One hundred blank faces,
No features, no defining marks,
Staring straight ahead.
Nodding like drones
Programmed to believe
Whatever rolls out of his
Mouth.
Nodding assent to their leader,
Not understanding the
Underlying meaning of his words.
Angel or devil, they do not seem to care.
They are his lackeys,
They are his drones,
Programmed to believe.

Michele Traub

Untitled

Nobody understands my life,
My feelings, my triumphs, my
Sorrows.
They see me on the surface:
Happy athletic, and bright.
They see my future through my
Outer shell;
They measure my success by my
Outer layer.
They do not see the core, the inside,
The true me.
They do not know my pain,
My confusion, my depression, my
Fear.-
They say they know me,
But they are wrong.
Only I know my life,
My feelings, my triumphs, my
Sorrows.
Only I know me, and
Only I will.

Michele Traub



Scarred

As I close my eyes
and the tears turn to blood,
staining my legs,
I know no amount of prayer will ever wash away the pain.
You stare at the scar,
ask me, "Why?"
And with my answer,
you shake your head,
not believing a person could scrape,
scrape away her flesh,
and not feel the pain until it's too late.
But still, do it again,
and again,
and again,
until the carved flesh is meaningless,
until the candy apple blood flows like water,
and no one hears the screams,
as the last bit of life is cut to pieces.

Mariša Escolar



Venessa Henke

The Beautiful World

As the tumbling rain drips by,
My mind is as clear as crystal,
Whenever I listen to the wind,
A soft voice calls to me from above,
Quiet and gentle it is, as I slowly drift to sleep.

Here I sit,
Quietly on the grass;
On a hill,
The sounds gather around me,
I feel secure in their presence,
They watch over me,
I over them,
The harmony,
The communion.

As the darkness surrounds me,
I feel a cloak around my naked body,
The cold is nothing to me now,
I've overcome the evil,
Have been cleansed by the light,
I never had known what was wrong, or what was right,
Now, as I stand in the darkness,
I understand,
I know,
I am One.

Jeff Blumstein



Gregory Goldman

Untied

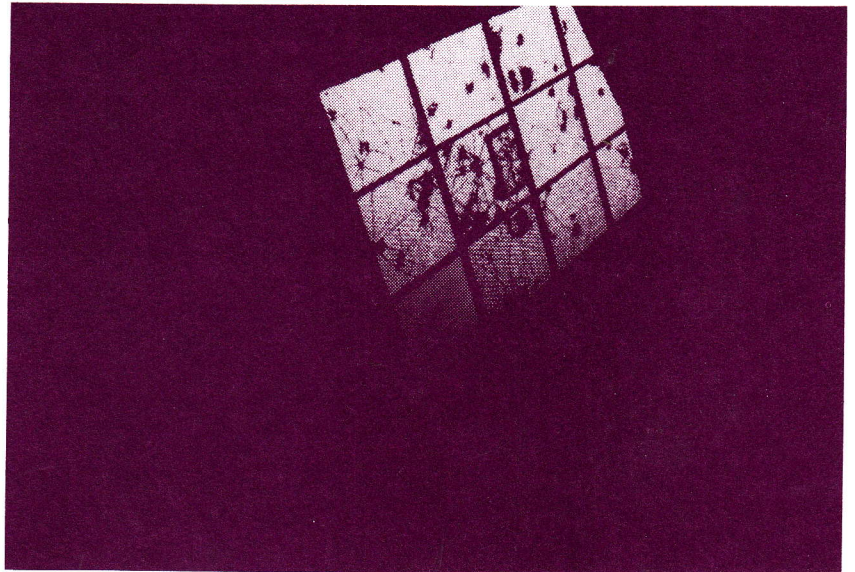
I want to run with the spirit of the moon,
Fly free-winded through the night's
Blue-black corridor, sailing
Over the seas of dread that block my path
And away from all eternal feeling.
I want to spring up from the years,
Go where even nature cannot find me
And buy back all the time I wept over.
Loss is something that leaves quickly
If you know how to travel,
But its residue stains lead-heavy
On the seemingly placid heart.
I want to catch the meteor and ride,
Place my hopes under a rock down below
And burn a false self at the stake,
For with the ashes comes
Freedom.

Alexis Greer

I Am Left To Hide

In the dark, I
Can see your skeleton.
It moves, pale and gallant
In a world beneath the light.
It reaches out--the bony fingers
Scar my reddened skin
With their radiant flame.
The bones soften and wither,
Flower that you are
And the hard core underneath
Begins to flow
Like molten lava.
The solid face
Turns my arms to winter, and flesh
Feeds the fireplace
With the prickle
Of human complexity.

Alexis Greer



David Golden



Rachel Brown

Haunted House

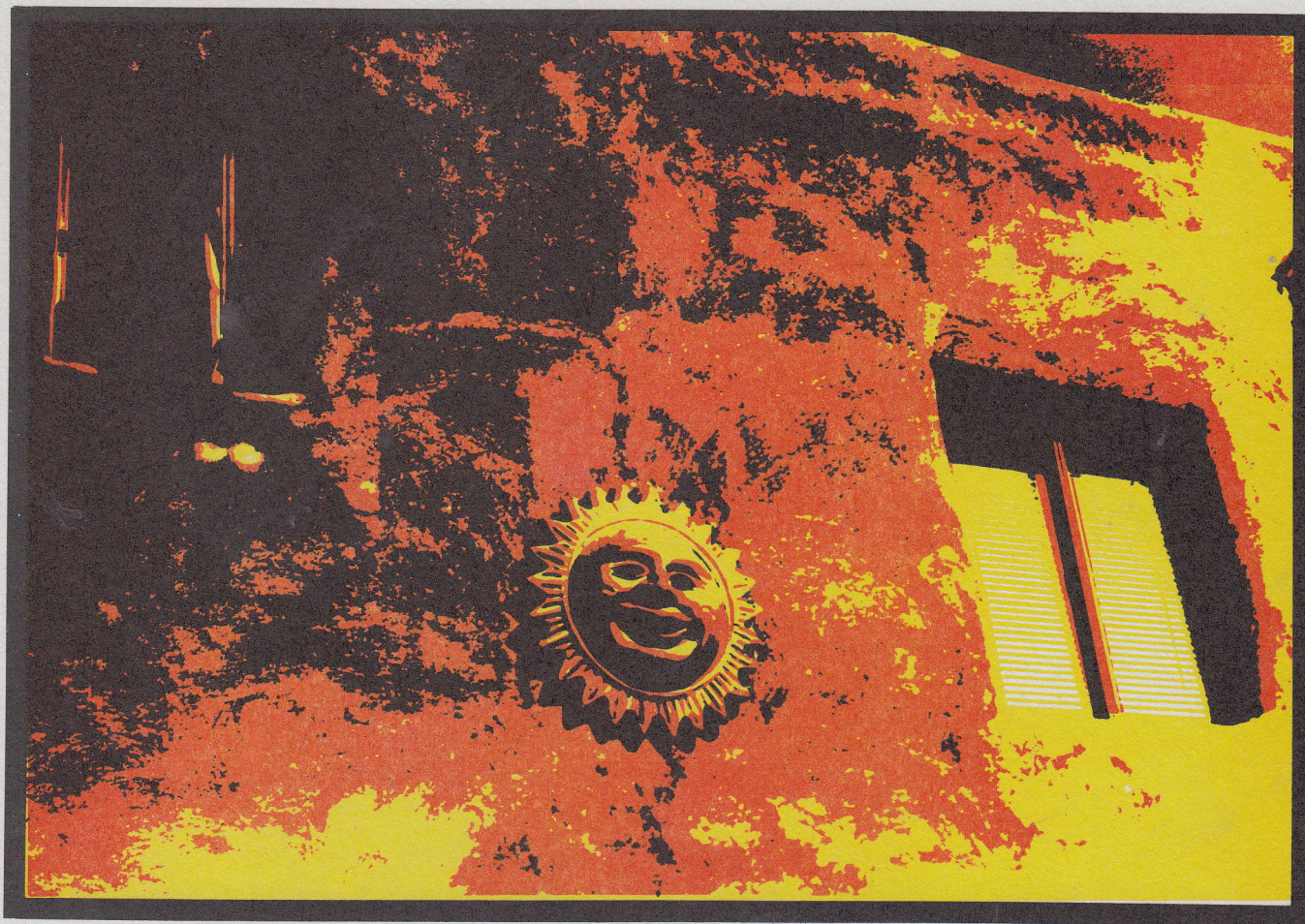
The ghosts of your distant and recent past
Surround you.
When will they leave you alone?
They ruined your confidence in humankind
And set your mind aflame.
They crawled under your skin
And forcibly dispelled all else within
Until you became them and
They became you.
When they finally exit, stage left,
You'll be empty—
Nothing but a hollow exoskeleton of skin.
They penetrate your every thought
From every angle
When you least expect it.
"Sanity is temporary, finite, fragile,
Not to be toyed with"—
This, your last rational thought,
Held you together, once.
Wipe away the tears now;
Be strong and self-assured.
Push aside all conflict and
Run, quickly, away from yourself.
If you don't open the door,
They won't burn you.
Open up slightly,
And they'll singe you.
Open up too much,
And you'll be severely scorched.
Open up completely,
And be engulfed in them.
No matter what, they'll toy with your sanity
And toss you in the gutter when they're through,
The consequences of which will be yours, eternally,
To cherish and wallow in.
Maybe you'd have been better off
Looking from afar,
Never attempting to touch the merchandise;
Fantasies can't hurt you,
And you never fully appreciate anything you have
Until it runs away forever.
Auxiliary power is diminishing;
You can't fight them off anymore.

Soon they will enclose you
In their animosity
When your shields are down.
They'll block out the few rays of light
Which you've allowed in
Through cracks in the wall.
There's a great and powerful bonfire
At your doorstep
Awaiting your acknowledgement.
Don't let it in,
Don't play too near to it,
And never stare into its flames.
It will drag you to the ground if you're not careful;
You can't take the heat.
You've got to keep within the
Comfort and loneliness
Of your haunted house.

Justin Finkle



Rebecca Gordon



Kate Scelsa

THE NEWS

Awake.

Pounding head.

The bed is hard under my feverish body.

Next door, the baby wails into the night,

But no one comes to quiet it.

Hush little baby don't say a word

The moonbeams slide across my window

Rapidly

Like snakes playing in the dark,

Slicing the blackness like a sharp knife.

The door sways in the breeze, rustling out a

Lullaby on the soft carpet.

Daddy's gonna buy you a mockingbird

Water trickles out of the broken faucet

In the bathroom, a steady tattoo of wasted water,

But no one cares about it.

They only care about the program on TV,

About the ads that flit across the screen

Rapidly

Like dancers waltzing and fox-trotting.

And if that mockingbird don't sing

They only care about the people who have

Been murdered before eleven o'clock tonight.

I don't blame them; who wants to bother with

The dying child?

Daddy's gonna buy you a diamond ring

Nora Guyer



Sandman and Dream Catcher

Mr. Sandman, the dream-bringer,
Come put dreams in my head.
As you come to my bedside,
You must crawl through my web.

The dream catcher's web
Will catch and will hold,
Any horrible nightmare,
That feels very bold.

As nightmares go through,
They are trying their luck.
The dream catcher gets them,
Where they lay horribly stuck.

Sweet dreams of dolls,
Of fairies and stuff,
Pass without worry,
Without getting stuck.

As dreams fill my head,
I dream with great wonder.
My wonder's so great,
I do not hear the thunder.

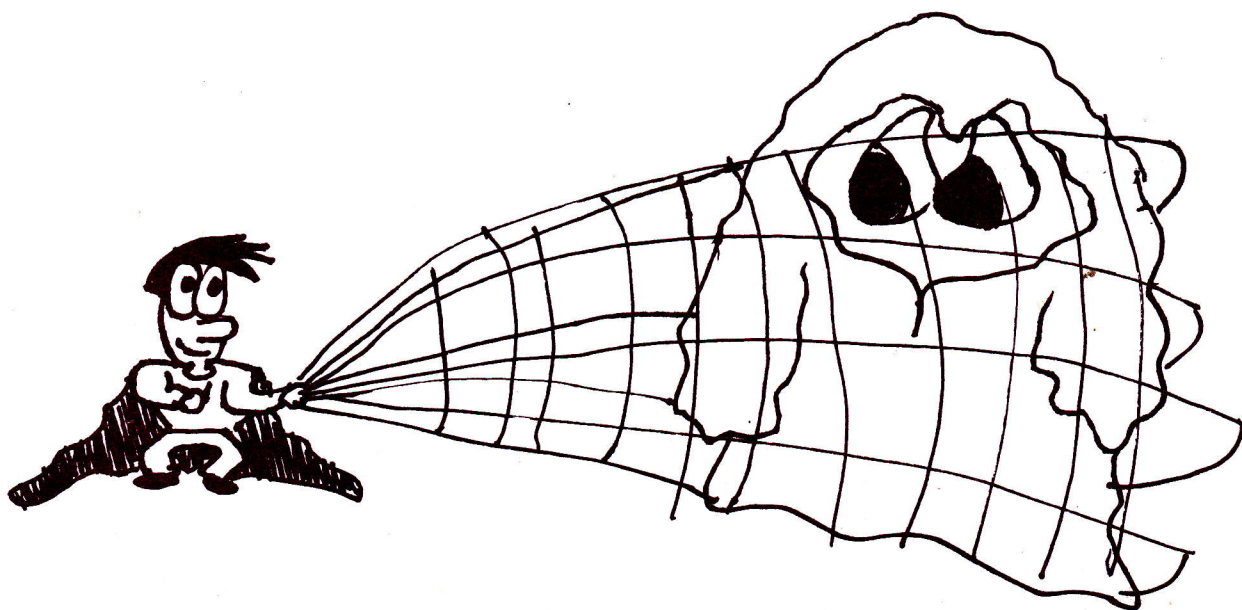
Light pours from the east,
Darkness crawls to the west,
Nightmares and dreams alike,
Must go back to their nest.

Nightmares find shadows,
Where they slither away,
Nightmares in the web,
They shrivel and fade.

The sandman has come,
But now slips away.
For this is the light,
Of a new day.

Don't fret, please don't worry,
When the sky turns black.
At the first sight of moon,
There he is. He's back.

Holly Montalbano



Searching the Sky

She says that actions speak louder than words,
It matters not what I say,
But I must break out of my shell,
Or else I will push her away.

I lose what I want for I hesitate,
And when I speak, it's too little, too late;
I'm in love, but from afar,
It's just so hard to reach a star.

I doubt that it will last
So I keep living in the past
And everyone keeps telling me to just move on.
But I'm not that superficial;
The anguish floods my mind
Every time I realize all my hope is gone.

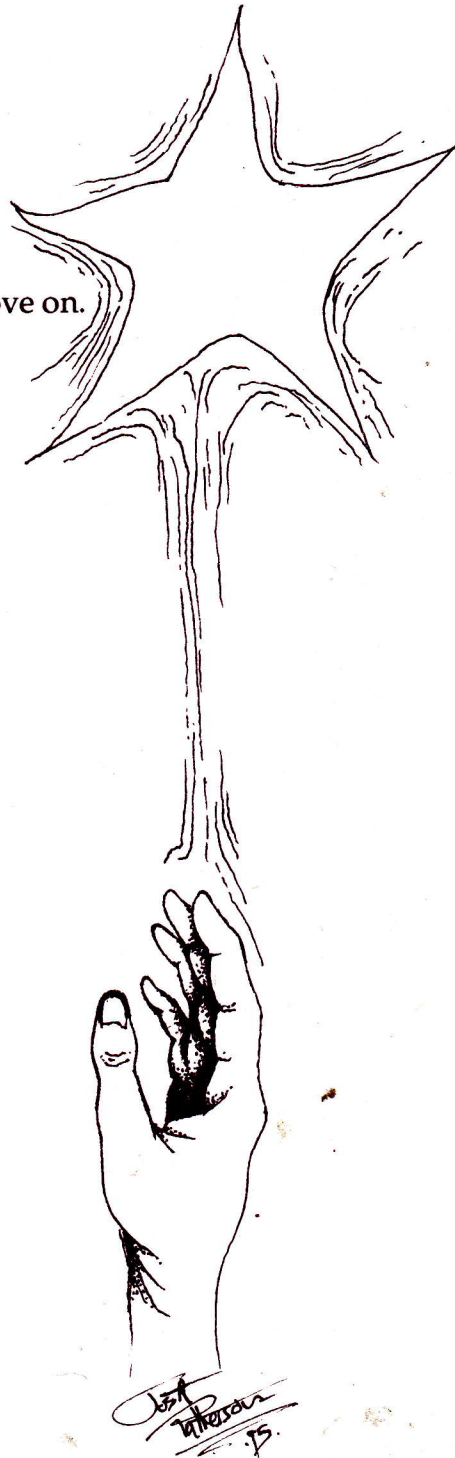
When my thoughts turn into words,
A great deal's lost in the translation;
My real thoughts are never heard
For nothing's said but implications.

When I've searched the sky at night,
Observing stars projecting light,
I've waited, hoping I would sight
That single special star so bright.

I had a vivid dream last night,
In which a shooting star took flight;
I doubt that I possess foresight,
So I can only pray I'm right.

The world continues to rush by,
And all that I can do is try,
Stretching my arms toward the sky
To touch a star before I die...

Justin Finkle



Insanity's possession:

She cries with
utter abandon
letting everything
pour out
all her feelings
like bitter coffee,
dripping
with acid
blood
lava
some towards people,
some towards
herself,
some towards no one.
some just fly away
forgetting the
meaning and
they help her
soothing her
saying they know
how she feels
she believes them
she believes
anything
anyone
saying they can
help her
where did they go?
they used to hate her
now they realize
she is just
like them
and they march
again
through her mind
through her
emotions
through her
tears
they help her
cry
to realize her
pain

why can't
they all
see and
leave her
alone
and stop
mocking and
teasing and
thinking you
know every
little
intricate
detail about
her life when
you know nothing?
It's different now
because they
aren't friends
and
she went against
him so
she has to pay
so her world--
her everything
will shatter
in a second like
some old piece
of glass
just explosively
shatter
fracture into
millions of tiny pieces
each of them
belonging to someone
else with
a new face on
it
someone waving
good-bye
leaving her with
only herself
and that one

cornsilk girl
all smooth and
shiny and
new-looking
they have
nothing in
common
but their eyes,
not the color--
the look of
them but
the other girl's
eyes never
show it
never dare
but you can
tell it's there
somewhere in
the back behind
the smile.

so they leave
and go sit
with all the
others--

insanity's obsession.

Jessica Lattif



No One's Listening Anyway

When I was born, I tripped and fell
And landed in this living hell,
It matters not how much I yell
For no one hears me through my shell.

The ground that once supported me
Decided it was time to flee,
And now I'm screaming desperately
But no one's here to hear my plea.

A dark cloud floats above my head,
At night it watches me in bed,
And when I think I'm finally dead,
It brings me back to life instead.

The walls are slowly closing in,
What's left of my spirit's wearing thin,
I'll never have the chance to win,
I'll be gone before I begin.

I'm drifting through life day by day,
I'm drowning deeper, fading away,
I'm not quite sure what else to say,
But no one's listening anyway.

Justin Finkle

Venessa Henke



Mind Fire

The wild Queen of Hearts eats acid strawberries in the rye while the melodramatic bishop improves on his apple criticism. As the King sends out all of his knights to find the devil himself, a color-blind, pessimistic rook sits in the rift, babbling on and on. The pawns move only forward, never back, and someone wins and yells, "Checkmate," as Narcissus sits on the bank and Cupid aims to kill. Then the gods fight and we await the apocalypse, but it never comes, just waits for another time. Soon the thunder roars, the lightning destroys, and the rain heals. Nature brings life and man brings death, as men fight wars of evil that are never won. Neighbor against neighbor. Nuclear bombs and laser guns, beliefs and religion used as one. Then a woman gives birth and a man waits. A child listens through the wall and hears the fights between a husband and his wife. We then are all burned in the fires of our minds as Adam and Eve beg at the gates of Eden and the angels play. God judges; for who is truly innocent? And death comes. After all, I am just a man and this is my mind.

Nicholas Himmel

To Order

Ages out of mind ago, before the first strands of time untangled themselves from the shapeless chaos of reality and formed their own linear path through all that is from one hazy end to the other, there were no distinctions or borders. Each piece of reality melted into the next. Light could not be separated from darkness nor fire from ice.

But soon this great solution of chaos and confusion began to separate. Each object found its place and order came to reality and reality was pleased.

Each melody found its place in the orchestra of reality and each strand of thread in the tapestry of the fates. Each animal found a clime, the birds in the sky, the fish in the seas, and the crawling animals upon the land.

Then was born, the child of order, chaotic man.

Max Bean

In My World

In my world of darkness,
wishing I could understand.
In my emotionless rage,
trying not to feel.
Blind in my world of light!
Yet not wishing I could see.
For I am afraid of what will be revealed.
I'm sinking...
I'm falling...
I'm feeling...
So I'm crying.
It is so cold in this darkness.
In the endless black,
there is a constant feeling,
a feeling of decay.
I feel things grow wet from my tears.
My tears, it's too dark to dry them now.
I'm haunted by my anger,
my pain,
and my fear.
In a lifeless world.
In my world.

Mike Roth



Xavier Newton



Emily Meg Weinstein

four of us went out to play in the rain

the world was green
gray, all dim motions
and a circle of plastic slicing through
more water than air, a tangible silver

rain makes a frisbee flutter, falter
fall from its decisive spin
water and wet hair
shudder aim, fall everywhere
smear glasses obscure
sting eyes opaque
plucking a frisbee from air
became a fragment of triumph
over slick grass, rocks waiting like snipers
mud, and a maddened sky

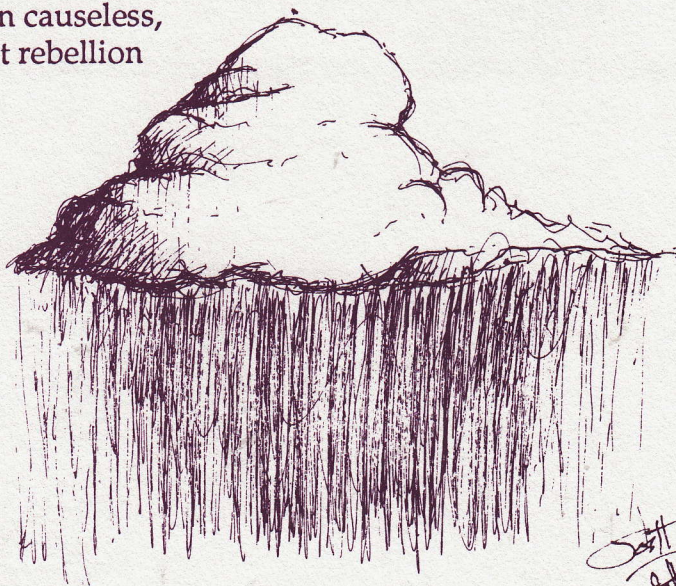
we spat taunts to the thunder
lightning jolted,
and the rain came down harder
making air scarce, sight
impossibly slurred
so the rhythm of catch and pass
was itself a defiance, mocking the rain,
a long laugh punctuated
with skin-fusing embraces
of sheer revelry in causeless,
pointless, jubilant rebellion

we skidded, slid
rock bursting knees
to slip a hand between
the frisbee and the ground
where we stretched, hearts screaming
breath slapped away, but an edge of plastic
clawed into thumb and finger of one hand

we stood, smeared away mud
for another throw
felt the rain
lapse, sputter
and still

energy drained to our feet,
soaked with the rain into earth
drenched, bleeding, triumphant
we left the battled field, sublime
and ridiculous too, water
leaking from our plastered hair
into the corners of our victorious smiles

Kate Schapira



Josh Patterson

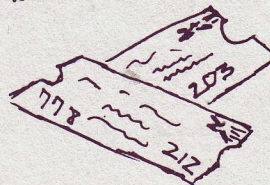
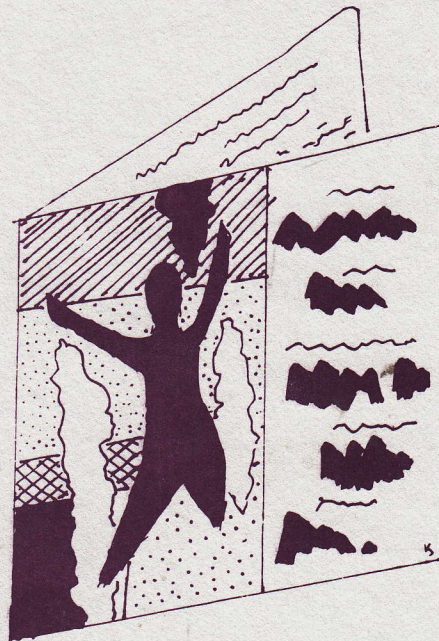
Shake Me, I Jingle

I broke a ten dollar bill
to buy you a fancy
birthday card, bright words
and clever colors
leaving me with a pocketful
of silver noise

I've let more than money
be taken from me.
grabbed by the shoulders
and shaken, I'd make the sound
of missing pieces. if you were
a hand's reach away
I would never have bought you a card
could have given you colorful wishes
wrapped in
my own words and a poem of smiles

I'd like to exchange one piece
of painted pasteboard for another: costing
more, and also worth more,
smaller, duller, but my path
onto the larger silver noise that carries you
through clouds, lays down an ocean
between our reaching hands

Kate Schapira



Kate Schapira

Brown Eyed Girl

Whatever happened to Romeo and Juliet
to tragic, undying, teenage love
Where did the summer go
Under the Boardwalk and starry-eyed
dreamers
vanished in the heat
Timid necking, perfect lovers
We had a secret
The magic ended
sometime in September
Unsure letters
from far away homes
Slowly forgetting a voice
Songs of summer lovin' on the radio
remind me to do my homework
your picture in my locker
curls at the corners
Whatever happened to you
my brown eyed girl
You
my
brown eyed girl

Kate Scelsa

Petrified

Tiny rock
on my window sill
stolen from the earth
A freak of nature
It was once wood
Now its cold, stony splinters
make me shiver
Layers of history
A product of time and evolution
sold at a souvenir store
Its once fertile home
is now barren desert
I hold it to my cheek with respect
welcoming its spirit
But its browns and grays only stare back
coldly

Kate Scelsa

She slides her finger along the strip of green running down the middle of her suitcase. The rest of it is a dull gray. She loves that green strip. It is like her, she supposes. Unique. "A magnificent shell washed up on the contaminated beach of life", she thinks. She whispers it out loud, turning her head instinctively to make sure there is no one around to hear.

She lifts her feet onto the bed, and pulls up the cuffs of her pants, revealing one long green sock, and one short white one. She smiles, pulling the cuffs back down, and stepping onto the cold black and white-tiled floor. Bending her toes under her feet and cracking them ("getting the kinks out," as her father says), she slips them into her green loafers, and wheels her suitcase into the darkened hallway.

"Dad!" she calls out, over the piles of Margie's old Nancy Drew books and her own Baby-sitter's Club collection.

"Ya?...Hold on for...one...seconddd..." He lets his letter "d" hang in the air for a minute, like he always does. It drives her crazy. She is always waiting for him to finish his letters.

"What are you doing?" she calls back. "I need to go to Mom's."

"Ya .ya, I know. I'm just on the phone with Margie. She's stuck at the mall. Why don't you go ahead? She'll be there!"

Margie is always stuck somewhere when it's time to go to their mother's house. Sarah knows what will happen. Margie will catch a cold in the rain on the way home from the mall, or trip on an M&M wrapper and injure her ankle. She won't be able to handle their mother and the agonizing pain, together in one room. She won't be able to come.

"So, Dad. If she's not coming, can I bring Marra, or Becca? I'm sure they're not busy or anything." Sarah clenches her fists in anger and tries not to care. This is not a problem. She is still safe. She has the power to change the situation. She will not be alone.

She hears her father hand up the phone, and step over the piles of books that line the halls. They never did get around to having that yard sale.

"Sarah, you know your mom doesn't like to have anyone else over. She wants to spend time with you girls. And anyway, Margie will be right over."

"But if she just meets Becca...once we're there, she can't say no."

"That's not fair to your mother," he says.

This is not fair to me! she wants to scream.

"You've got to promise me that you'll make Margie come. You have to force her. I don't care what she says. You have to push her out the door. You have to promise." She drives the words through the air into her father's eyes. She clamps her jaw so tight, her teeth start to hurt. She digs her fingers into her sides to stop the tears. She has the power to turn the situation around. She still has the power.

"I'll do my best," he laughs. He laughs. How can he not realize?! She has him wrapped around her little finger! He lets her do this!

"Fine." She slings her backpack over her right shoulder, and picks up the suitcase, and pours the rage into her right hand, pulling the gray suitcase as far up off the ground as she can. She tramples unevenly down the stairs, and out into the stifling evening air.

On the train, Sarah takes out the purple brush her mother got her for Chanukah last year, and flattens her fly-away, frizzy hair. Replacing the brush in the knapsack, she brings out the two pink scrunchies her mother had slipped around the brush. She slowly parts her hair, watching her image in the dark blue plastic window, and searching for laughter in the eyes of the group of girls who sit, chatting across from her.

- The braids are for her mother. She hates them. She finds them demeaning to her character. Childish. She endures them, though, since she finds it simpler to please her mother. There are rewards for those who do not question. And there are punishments.

At her mother's door, she lets her hold on the suitcase loosen. She slips the other strap of her backpack over her left shoulder, and touches her braids, to make sure they're still in place. She puts on a smile, and rings the doorbell.

Samuel answers the door. Samuel is her mother's boyfriend. She is relieved to see him.

"Hey, Sarah." He is polite. She respects him...for being willing to take care of her mother. She

feels they have a bond. They are bonded by having the maturity and ability to handle her mother. She smiles.

"Hi. Where is she?" She pretends she is a doctor, waiting to see an ailing patient. The patient is very sick, and will need her round-the-clock attendance for forty-eight hours. After that, she will go home a hero.

"She's upstairs, watching T.V. She couldn't wait to see you."

Sarah steps over the threshold, and hands Samuel her backpack. She keeps the suitcase. It is her medical bag. Whether the medicine inside is for her or her mother, she doesn't consider.

Upstairs, she stands in the doorway of her mother's room, and tries to smile at her patient. Happiness is the best medicine. Or is that rest?

"Hi, Mom." Her mother puts the T.V. on mute. "Entertainment Tonight" is on. Gloris always likes to know what is going on in the lives of her favorite stars. "That could have been me," she always says. If her parents had just let her get into show business when she was young and beautiful...

"Hi, darling. Come give me a kiss." Sarah pulls her suitcase over to her mother's bed, and kisses her rosy-red cheek. It is like kissing a compact. She is made of makeup, thinks Sarah. False. Inaccurate.

"So, how was your week?" asks Gloris. It is a silly question. "Good" is the only right answer. The creator of this rule is still unclear.

"Good," says Sarah. She is a whiz at this. "And how was yours?"

"Long." They are both whizzes. "Honey, I'm really tired. Could you get me a glass of water from downstairs?"

"Sure." She starts to pull the suitcase towards the door.

"Honey, you can leave that here, with me."

Sarah hesitates.

"It's so heavy. You'll just hurt your back more. God knows that backpack is heavy enough. Do all the girls carry so much on their backs? It's really dangerous for your posture."

"You're right. I'll leave it up here." Sarah slowly relinquishes the suitcase, and taking the empty glass from her mother's hand, heads downstairs.

She lets her feet drop heavily from step to step, and contemplates sliding down the banister. She would never really do it, in real life. Still, the thought has a titillating effect on her, like holding the kitchen knives between her fingers, and knowing that if she wanted to, she could... She glances in the mirror across the room, above the coat rack, by the door, and wonders whether anyone really wants to see what they look like when they're leaving the house.

In the kitchen, she sees Samuel, and asks where he put her backpack. She is very worried that her personal things will mysteriously disappear in this house. They've been known to do that.

"I dropped it off in your room."

"Thanks a bunch." Samuel is considerate of her personal things and never pokes around in her bags. For this, she is grateful.

"So, where's Margie today?" Sarah's been waiting for him to ask this. She can show him that she is the mature one, even though she's younger.

"She's stuck at the mall."

"Teenagers," he says, smiling. Sarah smiles, but feels hurt. She is twelve and basically a teenager. What is he trying to say? Is she destined to reach the stage to which he alludes? Or has the boat sailed and left her alone on the dock to take care of her mother? At this moment she wishes more than anything that she were on that boat with her sister, stuck buying costly blouses at the mall. Her smile fades, but luckily, Samuel doesn't notice.

She fills the glass with dust-speckled water and waits for the speckles to smooth out into a warm cloud of semi-clear fluid before bringing it upstairs to her mother. Gloris accepts the water wordlessly, and without taking a sip, gives it back to Sarah. "Put it by the T.V., would you?"

"But you won't be able to reach it," says Sarah, a bit annoyed.

"You can get it for me when I need it," says Gloris, accusation accompanying the minted breath from her mouth. "You know," she continues, "that Seinfeld man is on Letterman tonight."

"Oh," says Sarah, who can't stand the fact that her mother calls everyone "that man" or "that

woman" and hates the thought of Gloris watching the same things on T.V. that she does. It is too horrifying that they might have something in common.

"Isn't it exciting?" prompts Gloris, pointing her Lee Press-On fingers at the glass of water by the T.V.

"I guess," says Sarah, who is not in the mood to discuss it.

"He's so cute. Don't you think he's cute?" Sarah blushes. Just hearing her mother use that word makes her want to be anywhere else.

"Of course not," says Gloris. "Of course you don't think he's cute. You don't like boys yet, do you?" Sarah has to remind herself that her mother doesn't have a sense of what is appropriate and what is not. She is like a child that way. Sarah is the adult in this situation. The doctor. Medical observer, humoring the psychotic patient.

"So, where's your sister?" The question comes out of nowhere and catches Sarah by surprise.

"She's caught at the mall." When in doubt, rattle off her excuse. Don't make up your own. That way, you'll have someone else to blame.

"Teenagers, thinking of nothing but eyeliner and miniskirts." Why does everyone say this!

"Dad said she'll be here soon." If he can lie to her, she may as well lie to Gloris. But Gloris is not stupid, merely unaware. She can see that Sarah is lying. She hates the fact that her daughter thinks she is stupid.

"Is she ever?! Is she ever here?!"

Sarah has not been looking at her mother. Now her head jerks up, and wide-eyed, she steps away from the bed.

"Is she ever here soon?!"

Sarah conjures a picture of the socks hidden beneath her blue-jeans and holds it in her mind. She erases the picture before her. The tormented mother. The socks give her a pleasant feeling inside. She can hide the truth. She has that ability.

"Ungrateful bitch! I gave her life!"

Then why am I the one that has to be here, listening to this?!

"She'll be here." Sarah moves to her mother's side, and puts her hand on her forehead, smoothing back the hair. Gloris snaps up her head, like a cat moving to bite at an arm. Sarah has had enough. She grabs her suitcase from beside the bed, and flees to her room.

She plans to run away. Plans what it will be like on her own. How she will make a lot of money, and one day have her mother institutionalized. How she will end up the sane one, not her sister. How she will be the one in charge, with control. She plans happiness.

After a few minutes, Samuel, who has observed the episode from some other portion of the house, comes into her room and sits at the edge of her bed. He tells her that her mother means well. That she feels alone, betrayed. She confides in him that she is planning to run away. That he can come too. He reminds her that he is in love with her mother, and she turns towards the pillow, refusing to believe such a horrid thought. He gets up to leave, and at her doorway, says that he is sure that it will all work out in the end. He is sadly mistaken, she says. In this family, there are no happy endings.

But he is right. No one runs away. Gloris apologizes, and Sarah, too worn out to complain, accepts. There is a long phone conversation with Margie, and she agrees to come over on Saturday. They all go to Dairy Queen and laugh at the new waiter who cannot keep track of their orders. At the end of the weekend, Margie and Sarah go home together, on the train.

"What a weekend, huh?" asks Margie, laughing. "The old bag really drained my energy." Margie likes to call their mother "the old bag."

When they get home, their father smiles at Sarah and thanks her for being so grown-up about the whole thing. She is better at that than he is, he says.

Samuel is right. They have squeezed the happy ending out of a treacherous weekend. They are all heroes.

Four Sentences

This is what comes into my head when what I really want to think has been swept aside (carefully) for it is not to be discarded but rather postponed (indefinitely) which is really not such a bad idea because things can't always be the same and if you ate chocolate ice cream for every meal of every day you'd be tired of it and wouldn't like it anymore, not that I know this or have tried to find out if it's true—in fact, I don't know if I've ever tried to substantiate or invalidate the claims of others, I believe most of what people tell me and lot of what goes unsaid but luridly illustrated in my own mind, I'm trusting that way, up to the point where I'm filling in the blanks myself and then you wouldn't believe the life I'm giving you (free of charge) but trust is funny that way because just yesterday this guy asked for a sip of my coffee but then put it down on a table so it wouldn't get water in it because he was about to push me under a dripping roof, which he did, and held me there awhile, and I had no idea he was going to do that, but I wasn't mad because he was considerate about my coffee and I was all wet anyway, so I almost ended up thanking him because he really is a good guy and when I made a list of people I think are good people I put him on it but then I felt superficial about the list and stopped making it even if it was just for me because some things make you embarrassed, even in front of yourself, so I just decided to love everyone, though that isn't entirely true, though I can't decide which is worse, being shallow enough to love everyone or anal enough to make lists about it.

I'm falling falling and my favorite jeans are in the wash and they fall down anyway, and you can fall in love and fall off the wagon and fall in with the wrong people and fall from grace and fall too far too fast and now that I have vices I'm picking up a just a little bit of speed, and velocity, as we all know, leads to bigger and better things somewhere before the meaning of life but after the part where it hits you that if you cover your eyes, you can't see you, but everyone else still can, so be careful what you say, it just might be a little too true and appropriate for the virgin ears of those at or above the age of twenty-two (months, years or hours spent waiting in line for things unwanted but somehow necessary), and the truth is strange but also unavoidable, so avoid it at all costs and make up your own instead, for the sake of convenience and protecting the innocent, who deserve a little recognition for staying out of trouble, though granted it wasn't much fun, but who are you or I to judge the hobbies and snack food choices of others, because if we all wore the same size socks, well, sure it would be easier to sort the laundry, but then I wouldn't have had a conversation about how many different socks there are with the boy who sat next to me in chem:stry, and maybe that made a butterfly sneeze in the next room and someone's pants fall down in California.

Type A or Type B he said and I told him neither Coke nor Pepsi, water, but thanks anyway, maybe I'd try Diet if it didn't read like something that slipped through the government without the black marker all over it, which won't happen anymore because when it's my job to run the marker across secrets that only make

sense to the people who make them up, I'll just use it on the wall instead, and when they come checking like my elementary school principal did, checking to see who had black stains on their hands for writing on the peeling pink paint of the bathroom wall, they won't suspect me because it will be my job, and they'll pay me for it instead and I'll just replace all the boring top secret stuff with updates on how the Knicks are doing and how my cousin is doing and how many penguins are left in the world and how long I think it will be until it rains again, which will be a little outdated after those files are processed and printed and shipped and bound and catalogued and indexed and vaulted and actually looked at by someone who is angry about how much they had to pay in taxes because their job won't even be as much fun as mine and when they find out what I did they will be frustrated and slam the book shut and dust will fly out everywhere and hang in the sunbeam coming in through the nice clean window of the library, which is under the same sun as the window in my office where I am making still more black marks on the wall and my hands and replacing top secret information with stuff more important even than cola wars.

Do you know what this is? this is my left hand and this is the very small but still visible piece of pencil point that got embedded in my hand when I was twelve and it's been there ever since, my own private graphite mine, and I think it's never going to go away, it will just stay and stay and go everywhere with me, so even when I'm completely naked there will be a foreign object on my person, which is a shame because I haven't even got any fillings, only this sliver of a No. 2 Faber Castell American yellow pencil, newly sharpened but with the eraser a little used, and stained with grey of the lines I obliterated from existence, because I make a lot of mistakes but brush and floss twice a day, but I hate the dentist anyway, except for the magazines he has in his waiting room, full of people with better teeth and no marks undesirable, and what they eat for dinner and what they wear to bed and who with and how often and why not anymore, so I felt a little sorry when I was in the elevator with my dad on the way home from the dentist and the other woman in the elevator was just looking up at the numbers and after that weightless feeling passed I said that I had read in a magazine in the dentist's office that dentists have the highest suicide rate of any professionals because everyone hates them so much, and my dad said to the woman that she was probably a dentist and she said as a matter of fact she was but didn't take her eyes off the numbers and somewhere between 2 and L came that heavy pressing feeling because when you get to the bottom it's the opposite of weightlessness, and we all got out and I have a hunch it wasn't the best elevator ride of anyone's life, certainly not mine, but I don't think the woman was too affected by it because she's a dentist and most of the time no one can talk to her on account of all the equipment she's got crammed into their mouths, so she probably doesn't have to deal with very much flak, and if I gave her some, well, I could rationalize it and that will make me feel better because I've got this thing in my hand that could be an alien tracking device or give me some disease when I'm eighty that will make me forget every mean thing I accidentally said in the down elevator to dentists I never knew.

Emily Meg Weinstein



Photo by
Vanessa Henke

One Shoe

The little girl stops, stares at the shoe.
It draws her in, mesmerizes her.
Her mother is hurrying to the hairdresser's,
Oblivious to the shoe.
She tugs her daughter's hand,
Tells her to move.
No, the daughter goes nowhere.
It is the shoe, the one she has always dreamed of
Late at night, when she
Sees herself older, a grown-up,
And all dressed up, not in these second-hand
Jeans with the rip at the knee.
It is perfect: long and high,
Shiny black patent leather,
With a high heel.
The sign says the store is open,
But the little girl knows she
Cannot go in, because then the dream
Would be over;
Momma would find some of the shoes
That she always wears:
Cheap white imitation leather sneakers that cost two-fifty
At K-Mart and have soles made out of fake
Rubbery stuff.
And she would decide that Poppa needed
A new pair of the kind she always buys for him:
The stiff leather-patterned tie shoes
With fake leather soles that she can always
Find on sale at Wal-Mart or K-Mart.
And the saleslady would see them,
With their cheap, second-rate clothes, and she
Would show them all the name-brand rip-off
Shoes that Momma always buys,
And the shoe would be sold to some rich lady
With a silver cigarette holder and three maids
And a man to carry out the packages.
So the little girl finally moves, and she doesn't see
The other shoe, but she remembers the letters on the awning:
B-L-O-O-M-I-N-G-D-A-L-E-S.
She can't have the shoe now, but she
Knows it's better not to see the other one.
She will come back when she is older, and rich.
She doesn't have the shoe, but it doesn't matter,
Because she has her dream.



Nora Guyer

Claustrophobe

The sea-water beats through my ears
Shifting like a hurricane
You stretch me out, and then
I snap back to reality too quickly
To collect the depths of your favor.
How can it hurt to know so much,
If knowledge is what we all seek?
The strength is appalling.
I abuse the subtlety of your gifts
And then lay them all back, one by one,
In the jar of my memory.

Alexis Greer

Gone

How did I get to be
So small and entangled
In my own vision?
The voices tighten
Around my neck like a noose,
My own the loudest.
You are not at home,
Child; you speak
To fill the empty spaces, but your body
Roams. I found a place
Once; it was in the arms
Of a dream, sleepy whispers
Talking the language
Of an uncomfortable silence.
I would show it to you
Forever; cover us up
In the fever of its knife wound
And plunge you to my heart
If you could promise me
To disappear.

Alexis Greer

The Time-Warp Dive

A Story of Life's Ultimate Passions and too Much Mascara

The congo music went on and on like a soporific foreign documentary. Her feet ached from the too tight electric pink pumps which clicked uncontrollably to the beat. As she pulsed around and around she wondered how much more her pelvis muscles could endure. She was perpetually aware of her strapless, shiny blue dress which seemed to scream: "Adore me; I'm from the 80's." The dress's statement was echoed by plastic hoop earrings, a tight side pony tail and an excess of glitter-glo make-up, blue-green tints sparkled like Christmas lights in the dazzle of the disco ball.

At her dimly-lit table by the bar, Korina sipped her daiquiri and sighed enviously. She imagined her angular body bespangled and glittering as it swerved to the rhythm with multi-colored spotlights and all eyes upon her. She would smile and wink bewitchingly as she throbbed to the music. She slurped the bottom of her daiquiri and leaned back as her fantasy ended with her atop a tall marble fountain, spouting water as she gently revolved.

When Korina woke up, the first thing she noticed was that she was horizontal. The second was that two green saucer-shaped eyes blinking over her. The third was seven empty glasses on the table. With the help of the table leg she was standing-basically-and slowly hiccuping. Then she was aware that the two green saucers were still blinking at her like defective traffic lights. With an unsteady finger she tapped the shoulder below the lights and graciously asked it: "Your point?"

"Umm, we're locking up so, aaah, I'm gonna havta ask you to leave."

The finger droopingly removed itself from the shoulder and landed on the bartender's identification tag.

"Okay then Ken, fine then," was her long-awaited drawling and rude answer which floated on overpowering fumes.

Korina had to admit to herself, her diary, and her therapist that most of her nights were spent daiquirizing, generally ending with Ken's escort out. Every so often she would attempt the congo, but the beat always eluded her so she would shuffle back to the bar, dejected.

Bambi tired of a nightclub dancers's life. Her real dream, as she had told the pageant's judges now so long ago, was to stop world hunger through the spread of affordable Tupperware to people of all social standings. But she came from a long line of dancers who could all mambo before they could walk. She knew that Candi, her deceased mother, would turn over in her grave if her only daughter should break the Barbie family tradition. Bambi sighed as she mindlessly completed a complicated twirl (of course her seductive smile never faltered). She sighed again and put these thoughts away; there was no way she could quit her job.

Ken had been working the bar for a long time. No one really knew how long, or even if he had been there - an institution since the bar had opened, whenever that was. Everyone just took for granted the green eyes, black waves and solid features

on the other side of their eleventh scotch. He carried a definite air of all-knowingness which often motivated people to ask for his advice on all subjects. Although Korina had had a good deal of contact with Ken she had never, in so many words, confided her true sorrow and dream to him. So it's impossible to say how he knew about her troubling dance passion; but he did. Korina was, as usual, the last one out of the club. As usual, Ken had come to her aid, but instead of leading her out, he brought her to the dance floor. All the chairs were stacked on the tables and the lights were all out, waiting for the bar to open the following evening. Magically, or so it seemed to Korina who was still rather sudsy, Ken, with a snap of his fingers, had turned all the bright lights on. The mirrored ball slowly descended from the ceiling and the heavy, rhythmic music came on.

"Now," he smiled cunningly, "do you congo?" Here she let out a flush of tears.

"No," he crooned coaxingly, "I know you can do it."

"I really can't," she burred.

"Well, of course not, with that attitude." He took both her hands and looked into her dejected eyes, "Just say to yourself; I'm as nifty as anything."

"I'm as nifty as anything." She mumbled.

"Louder!"

"I'm as nifty as anything!"

"Sing it!"

"I'm as nifty as anything!" She howled, waving her arms gospel style.

"Now....CONGO!"

The music was washing through Korina's body. Soon she was spinning, rumbling, shaking, stamping and thrilling to the music. She had never felt so wonderful in her whole life. She gyrated through the day, and was still going when the bar opened at night.

When Bambi came in she saw there was already someone dancing at the bar. Korina's old clothes seemed to have morphed into a whole new outfit. She was wearing a tight red, spaghetti-strap sequined dress. Her hair was in a knot at the very top of her head. As she danced bubbles and steam came from the disco ball.

And Bambi knew she was free. So was Korina. As for Ken, he contemplated with a sigh that his job was never done; but wherever there are women unhappy with their decade and life, Ken will be there to liven hearts and wipe away smeared mascara.

Hannah Meyers



The Gods Must Be Crazy



Unbeknownst to many, there exist worlds on planes other than our own. We are but infinitesimally small specks of dust upon other infinitesimally small specks of dust... wait, this is starting to get way too existentialist. Never mind. Anyway, there exist worlds on planes other than our own, and these worlds are peopled by many strange, fantastical, and semi-omnipotent beings. Luckily for you poor mortals, who have never entered the realm of the Pub Shop, you are living within a few feet of the only place on this grubby little planet where gods still walk among the common folk. You may know it merely as Pub, but the inhabitants of this magical place call it...



(sorry, the language of the immortals is untranslatable into English).

The Father of All, the Patriarch of Presses, the Monarch of Machinery, was known as Yabob. He ruled with an iron (or maybe just latex-gloved) hand and was as just as he was stern, and more wise than either. (As he once told his beautiful daughter, who recently left for a life among mortals, "Laura, ya life is like an ocean...") He was sorely tried by the shenanigans of the more minor deities, but managed through it all to hang on to his sense of humor.

Most visible among these unearthly halls were the Writers of Human Tales. As they wrote it in Pub, so it was on earth. They had lots of fun screwing with the lives of the mortals, and said mortals began to suspect that most of their fortunes were decided while the Writers were very heavily hung over (coughcoughJaninecoughcough). Ya Head Relegator-O-Fate, Bernina The Great, was the Yente Extraordinaire (yes, the immortals spoke Yiddish) and made sure all the destinies were matched up with the correct owners (except for that incident with the beauteous writing-goddess-in-training and that imp from the tennis courts, and hoo boy, was that a mess... but never mind that). Her underlings were as follows: Aandro, whose gruff and boyish manner won him a cult following among the younger male mortals who came to learn the ways of the gods; Lucindalia,



the lovely not British lass who had a predilection for chronicling the activities of herself, the other deities, and mortal disciples, and decorating them (the chronicles, not the disciples), and a craving for hand massages; Janinessa, the Hula-Hooping Goddess (yes, they had hula-hoops then too - these people were gods, remember?), She of the Crispy Hair, who drew dominatrixes in her spare time;





Jenephone, Wearer of Overalls and Witness to All, who had a momentary writing crisis in the middle of the first aeon but came out of it more creative than ever; Lizidite, who brought sanity and tea into the Pub Shop, and who loved a mortal who she went to visit on weekends; Emilena, the Pre-Raphaelite ball of energy, noted for her love of the "game" known to mortals as Basketball (little do they know that



this "sport" is actually a complex ritual through which the patterns of energy in the universe are controlled and organized); and last but not least, Katiana, She of the Many Riské Nicknames, who slowly but surely amassed her own harem of mortals and whose massages were legendary among gods and humans both.

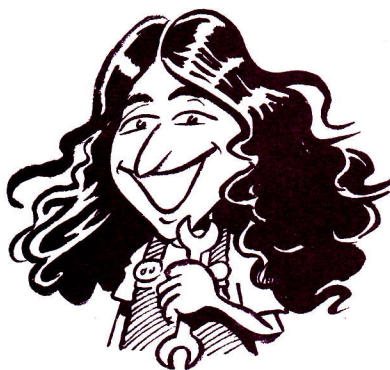
Huddled in a cramped, if well-lit, corner of this small Asgard, there dwelled the Awe-Inspiring Art and Layout People. Mikaelos, He of the Small Holding, Drawer of Cariacatures, Player of Water Volleyball, supplied direction and inspiration to the Layout People. Jonathanatos further brightened the Layout Corner with his cheery smile and was the prime target for "Kiss a Major Deity Day." Charlissimos, The Boy Who Fell To Sky, He of the Manic Grin, who toiled over the Light Box that others might delight in his creations.

Those responsible for making sure all mortals were supplied with their directives (directories?) took up the majority of the space in Valhalla with their huge, clunking machines. Iano, He of the Come-To-Bed Eyes, spent most of his spare time attempting to create the mystic Circle of One, a rite of great power which would eventually give him control of the entire plane (mercifully, he has not yet succeeded). The Ever Serene and Perpetually Sexy Davidos, Lackey to Yabob ("Hey, Dave, wouldya clean this press?"), watched with great care and love over his (and everyone else's) Machine-O-Death. Six millenia passed in this particular aeon before Stevollo (the Wee One) decided to grace us with his short yet strangely friendly presence. He was the only one in the Gallery of Immortals who could keep track of a certain omnipresent minor deity named Brettus.

During the aeon just described, a strange and marvelous creature began to stir in the mortal world: a huge, fantastic, fiery bird. It was known as the Phoenix, and was capable of great good as well as great harm, but needed to be subdued before it accidentally set the entire world aflame. The only way to control it was with a tome called the Book of Years, but, unfortunately, like the Phoenix, the Book of Years had to be continually renewed in order to be effective. This was quite a challenge to the immortals, but they set out to do the best they could before the mortals in their care were turned into interesting lumps of charcoal. However, the mortals' help was needed, and so the gods and goddesses set about recruiting disciples to aid them in their endeavors. Finally, they had a staff of many minor deities and enlightened mortals, and were ready to begin their quest.

At the beginning, it seemed as though there was no hope. It was almost as if the mortals did not want to be saved, judging by the laziness with which they attempted to move the





articles (of faith) through the mystic Process. However, a few mishaps put the fear of Yabob into them, and the pace picked up. Although furious work and forty two runs a day were still needed to bring the all-powerful Book into existence, the immortals had every confidence that

the power of the Phoenix could be harnessed and the land saved. And, of course, it was so.



Glossary of Disciples:

Diana, She of the Excellent Hair and More-Than-Superhuman Work Habits
Beccana, Crusader of Cool Hats, whose battle cry is "h-awwwwl-RIGHT!"

Bethephone, Saint of the Realm, She of the Amazing Voice
MYQ. 'Nuff said.

Jessicalis, She of the Funky Patchwork Shirt and Coiner of New Adverbs

Mryza, She of the Thousand Other Commitments and Bearer of the Trophy

Jakos, He Who Had to Leave Us due to commitments on another earthly plane

Brettus, He of the Finally Post-Pubescent Voice; he alone had the ability to control the ferocious Layout Computer Demon

Davidanos, He Who Also Had to Leave Us, but left many of his excellent illustrations behind

Royos, He Who Wears Black, the immortal encyclopedia of Terry Pratchett books and bearer of the Computer Game

Philakos, He Who Rambles On

Shelleyana, She Who Does Not Pine, but makes us all happy and learns to run presses

Ericassia, Our Lady of Shrink-Wrapping

Adrianalia, She Who Wishes We Were More Organized

Davinos, He Who Anoints Emilena With Whipped Cream

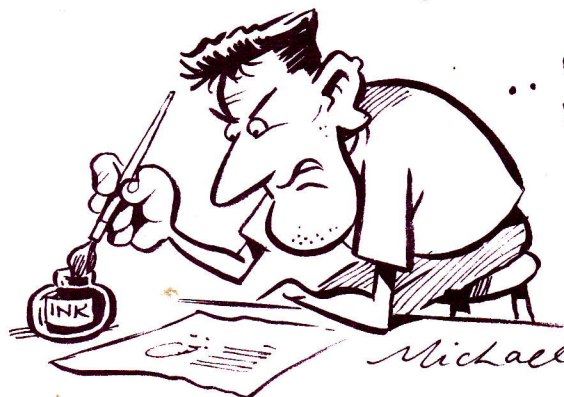
Vanessessa, She of the Glorious Smile

Blytheana, She Who Draws Birds, Brings Candy, and Is Cool

Arianella, She Who Gives Good Massages

Haliana, She Who Says "Eanh" and toys with the hearts of mortal men and last but not least,

Marcos Mascotos, He of the Unbearably Cute Nose-Noise



Mumble.. Mumble...
 If someone asks
 me for one more
 Caricature I'll...

Michael 1995

tions.

Photo by
Adriane Sandler



HEADLINE STORY

COLD CORPSE COLLECTS CLAY



Story by:
Vanessa Henke

In the camp community, Buck's Rock has always been regarded as a unique institution. But after the discovery of a human corpse, cast in clay, in the slip bucket at the ceramics shop, camp advisory services



Photo by Guy Bauer

ers and their parents, as well as Connecticut health officials may look upon Buck's Rock

from a different perspective. The corpse was found early Friday morning by An-

drew, a JC at the ceramics shop. **"I was just rinsing some slip off my hands, when all of a sudden..."** Andrew was too distraught to continue. Apparently, the deceased must have either committed suicide by casting his or her head in clay and then climbing into the slip bucket, or must have been dumped in the bucket after his or her death, according to Andre of the kitchen staff, who will be conducting the autopsy later this week. Although the victim's gender has not yet been identi-

fied by Buck's Rock's competent medical staff, Lloyd, the nurse, explained that, **"We do have his or her identity narrowed down to one of the campers or staff members at Buck's Rock."**

Lloyd explained that the victim was discovered wearing a name tag, so he or she must be a camper or counselor. Unfortunately, the plastic laminating the name placard separated due to the moisture in the slip bucket, allowing the dye and ink in the name tag to bleed out into the slip, rendering the writing on the tag illegible.

In an effort to identify the victim, Ed Budd, one of the directors, has asked all house counselors to make an extra effort to look out for missing campers at put-to-bed and wake-up.

house counselor acknowledges, **"There's only so much the camp can do."** Amanda Hutchinson, a camper, echoed Debbie's opinion, explaining, **"If the person was so irresponsible as to climb into the slip bucket in the first place, he or she is probably better off dead anyway."**

Guillaume Descottes, another camper, rationalized, **"The death happened, but I will continue to go to the ceramics shop because I am not afraid of death."**

Death in the ceramics shop has raised concerns among others at Buck's Rock.

"You just don't expect this kind of thing to hap-

pen," said Peter LiCalsi, a camper, **"and when it does, it's a great shock."** Nor was this Peter's first shocking experience in the ceramics shop: **"One afternoon,"** said Peter, **"I was nonchalantly throwing a pot, when I noticed that the string from my smock was caught in the wheel, and had begun to twist around the wheel as it turned,"** pulling Peter closer to the wheel.

"I think my joints must've locked because I couldn't move my ankles to stop the spinning wheel. I could've died that day, had a friend of mine not rescued me by stopping the

wheel for me." The harrowing experience really put things into perspective for Peter: **"That day, I chose life over ceramics, and I will never set foot in that shop again."**

Carrot Kramer, after hearing Peter's tale, concurred with him and exclaimed, **"It's a virtual den of hazards!"**

In order to guard against future drowning, one lifeguard is always present by the slip bucket with instructions detailing the correct procedure for resuscitating victims of slip bucket mishaps. Most of the lifeguards here are expected to be able to handle this responsibility.

The medical staff of Buck's Rock is continuing to work hard to identify the victim so that relatives may be notified before the victim is due back home.

1
Drawing By Blythe Sheldon



Outdoor Activities

"But the best is a matter of standards—and I set my own standards. I inherit nothing. I stand at the end of no tradition. I may, perhaps, stand at the beginning of one."

-Ayn Rand

"The time on either side of *now* stands fast."

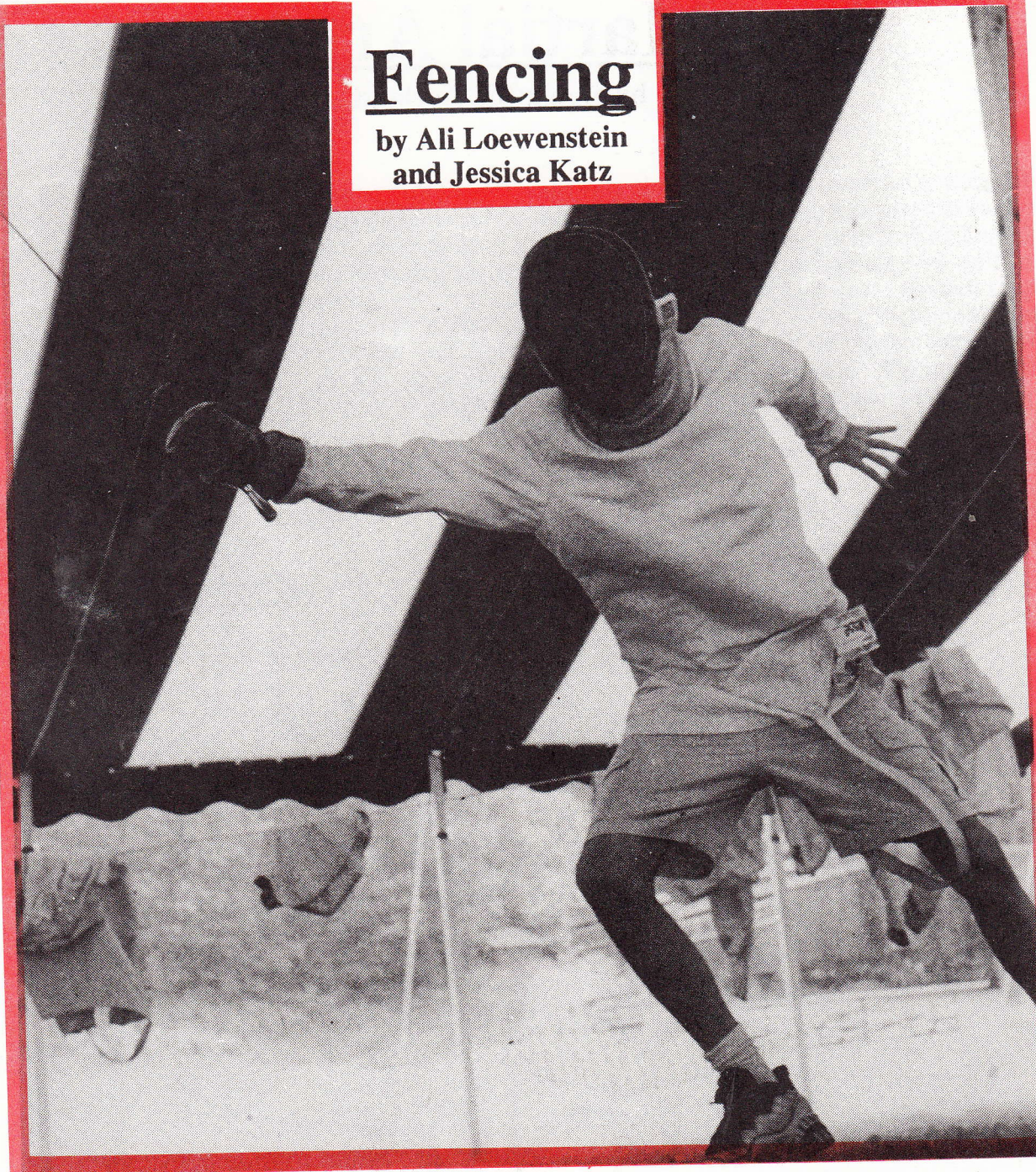
-Maxine Kumin

"Instead of boiling up individuals into the species, I would draw a chalk circle round every individuality... and preserve and cultivate its identity."

-Jane Welsh Carlyle

Fencing

by Ali Loewenstein
and Jessica Katz



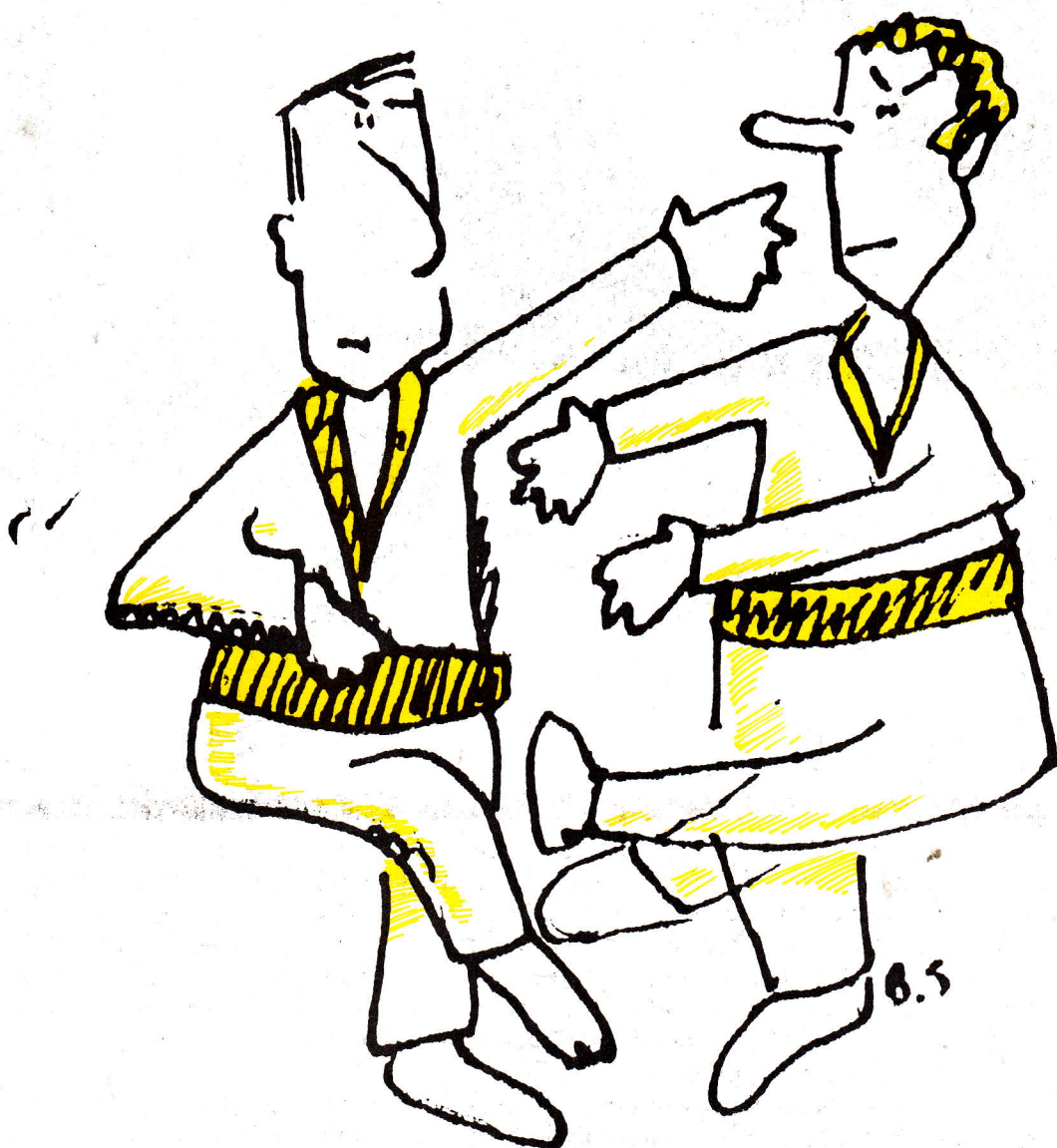
Although fencing is not the most popular activity at camp, it is by far the most challenging, exciting, "death defying" and friendliest (Let's face it, approximately 98.9364886452% of the population of this camp haven't even held a fencing sword). Fencing is held at the blue and white tent next to the pool. Miklos, the Hungarian lifeguard/fencing instructor teaches every morning on a walk-in basis. He and the other campers who attend fencing teach newcomers and judge matches. You can come to fencing anytime between 9 and 11:30 am. If you are a beginner and you come to fencing right away you will be helped and by the end of the morning you will be fencing with a sword and wearing the necessary protective equipment.

In the first session the theater department put on a production of Romeo and Juliet. Several scenes included duels with swords. The actors of Romeo and Juliet were taught the basics of fencing by Miklos himself. Although Miklos was mad that the actors weren't wearing helmets and equipment, they still did a very good job. Miklos is an extremely good teacher and stresses standing in correct form and fighting a fair match. In our opinion, fencing with Miklos is a great way to start your morning after a nice bowl of biodynamic dehydrated artificially flavored tomato flakes. YUM! So include fencing in your normal daily schedule.

Martial Arts

by Samantha Garland

Two styles of martial arts were taught in combined classes this summer under the big tent by the pool. The instructors were Marc van der Vliet, a Shotokan black-belt from Holland, and Sam(antha) Garland, CIT, a French-born, Canadian blue-belt in Kenpo Karate, now living in New York. Despite their vast differences in styles and nationalities, they learned to work together, and in attempting to communicate, ended up with a jumbled mess of languages that only they understood. In the classes, campers were taught basic kicks and punches, self-defense, and kata (set moves done in a sequence as if defending oneself from an imaginary adversary). To add to the mixture, Jon Metric taught Tai Chi twice a week. Many joined him on the softball field, escaping the gnats under the tent, for a relaxing hour of energy and movement. Eventually, though, the flow of students dwindled with the onset of August heat waves. At which point they took to training in the pool.



Athletics

By Sarah Zoogman



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Nervous knots form in my stomach. Why am I making myself do this? What if I'm not good enough? Suddenly, encouragement from my team resonates in my ears as I step up to the plate. My hands gently vibrate as the softball connects with the bat. As I run to first base, I know why I'm doing this. The point is to play your best and improve your game, so that it gives you personal satisfaction. My mouth forms a smile.

Other than softball, there are many other sports that Buck's Rock offers, such as Archery, Soccer, Swimming and Basketball.

Sports at Buck's Rock are unique. They are relaxed and yet they encourage you to grow with instruction and practice. There are trips to minor league baseball games. The teachers are patient and helpful. Barry is always there to tell you that your swing made ripples in the pool or that you soon will be hitting homeruns into the river. Ed is there to help you with your swing, or give a suggestion on your fielding. Buck's Rock provides a secure atmosphere that fosters team spirit and individual growth.

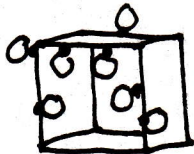
OH SHOOT! IT'S ARCHERY!

For those of you who don't know where archery is (and you must not know because there is no other excuse for you not being in archery), it's a small, quiet, sunny field on the side of the Hilton. It's really quite fun and relaxing (which you would know if you had been there). And if you get hungry there are plenty of blackberry bushes around (watch out for the bears).

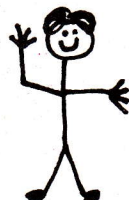
Things to ARCH at:



a target



balloons attached to a wooden box



Will (at the pool)



little bug on a leaf in the woods



plastic spoons from the dining room

People who did cool stuff in ARCHERY:



Adam lost arrows



Brian found arrows



Whit was really good



Guillaume shot a spoon



Peter brought us archers was also really good



Marc just sat there (armchair archer)



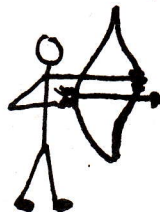
Shelley did all of the work

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What is ARCHING:



well, maybe not



yup!

ARCHERY tidbits:



archery is the shop with the highest gnat per cubic foot

Counselor:
Marc Richter

CIT:
Shelley



Marc is not only the president of the hairless club for men, he also...

The Pool

by Ariel Nelson



Photo by Adriane Sandier

You might go to the pool on a hot day, to get lessons, to sunbathe, to swim laps, or to hang out with the lifeguards (if you're lucky enough to catch them awake). Whatever your reason, the pool is a friendly environment with caring lifeguards there to help you. The lifeguards, Will Starky, Matt Morris, and Mikilos Szazados, offer lessons, free swim, water volleyball, and other exciting activities.

Will, a slacker, comes to the pool fifteen minutes late every day, falls asleep behind his sunglasses when nobody is looking, and only gets up to work if there is a "nice" girl in the water. Matt, also a slacker, tries to do workouts with the swimmers and does terrible impersonations of the songs he learned the night before doing karaoke at Rocky's. Mikilos also falls asleep behind his sunglasses and gets together with the other two lifeguards to do impersonations of the television show "Baywatch".

In any case, the pool is a wonderful place to socialize, hang out, sunbathe, and swim.

The Stables

by Charron Brock

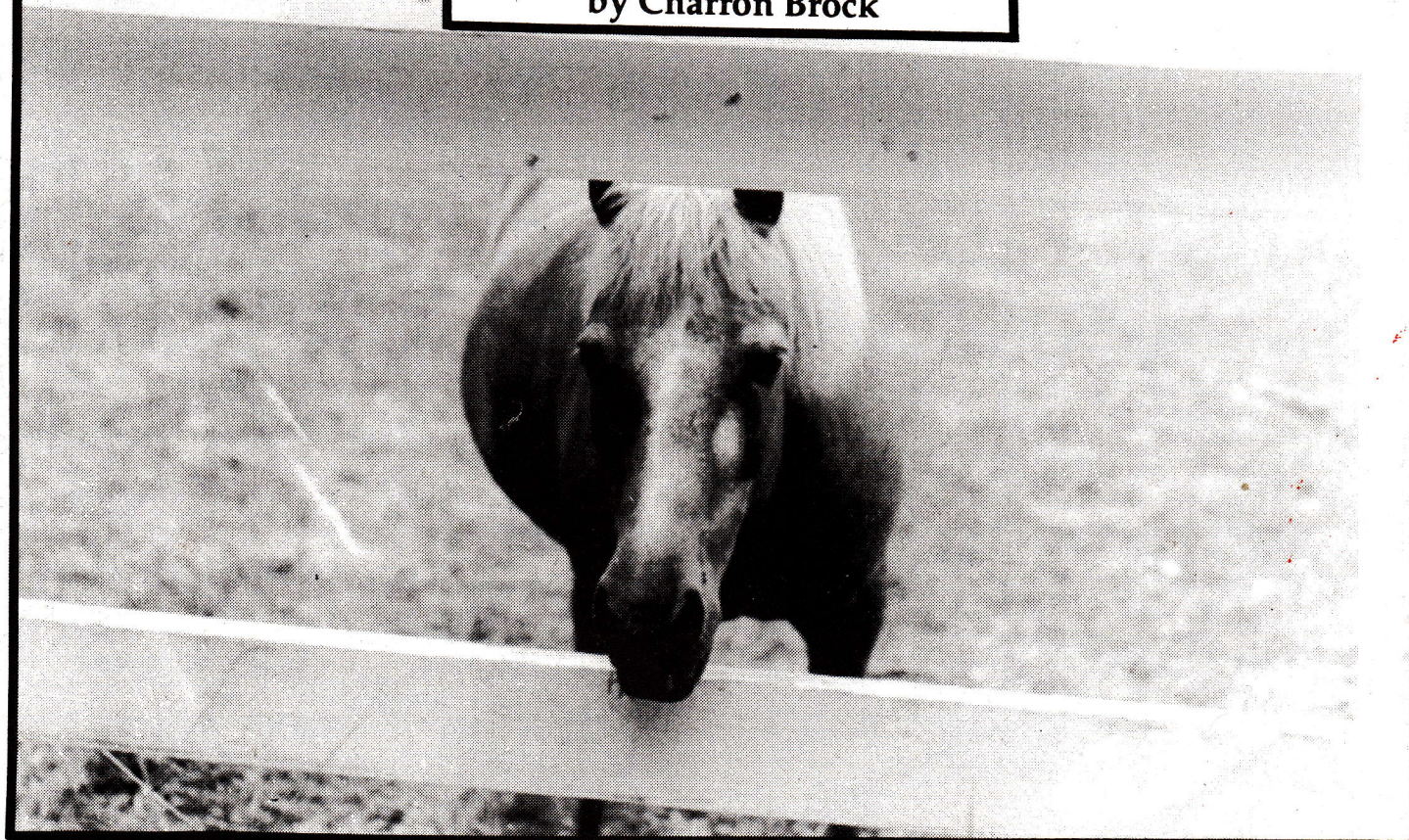


Photo by Hillary Cohn

Hi. My name is Duchess. I am one of the horses at the Buck's Rock stables. Well, I am a new horse here and I am going to get to the bottom of what goes on. Let's ask the other horses what they think.

"Hi, Milford. What do you think of the Buck's Rock stables?"

"Well, it is a little small, but the people are mostly nice and they keep it pretty clean."

"What is your normal day like?"

"I haven't been doing much because I threw a shoe."

"OK, well then, Chippy, what is your day like?"

"My day starts out pretty good. I wake up in pasture, eat a little grass, and think of all the fun I can have that day with my friends but then I take a reality check. I have to stand in a cramped stall with a window that is almost too high to see out of. Then when I finally get comfortable, some rider takes me out."

"Talking about riders, what are they like?"

"Well, they are nice but I hate to think what they eat. It seems like they get heavier and heavier every lesson. Overall life isn't too bad here."

"Thanks, Chippy."

"Hey Sultan, what do you think of it here?"

"I like it. I got the biggest stall and some of the riders are really funny."

"What is the funniest thing a rider has done?"

"Well, I was in a bad mood one morning and didn't want anyone to ride me, so when they were trying to put on the girth I puffed up my stomach so it wouldn't be tight. Then when we went over a jump the saddle and the rider slipped sideways; instead of riding on my back they rode on my stomach."

"Sounds funny. So, what else. . . oh, they're letting us out. Got to go, bye."

Pioneering

by Courtney Hollender and Ruth Israely



Photo by Dave Golden

Pioneering consists mostly of hikes, overnights, and spelunking. On overnights, you stay out all night (like it says) and have the privilege of sampling Stan's gourmet cuisine, such as Eggs Benedict, for breakfast. At the end of a journey, it is always delightful to go to Dunkin' Donuts. But while there, be careful to refrain from requesting water (unless you want to be thrown out). Once you return from any Pioneering experience, be sure (this is a must) to send your clothing straight to the laundry so that it doesn't mildew.

Spelunking is the exploration of caves. If ya' like worms up your pants, go spelunking and enjoy the most common Pioneering expedition. This year, we went on a spelunking trip to a nearby limestone cave that metamorphosed to marble through the application of heat and pressure. The legend of the cave is that during the Revolutionary War, the Tories (people who were faithful to King George) lived in the cave to hide from the Yankees. When they were found, the revolutionaries lit a fire at the mouth of the cave to use up all the oxygen. The Tories suffocated and their bodies were never found. On camp spelunking trips, we explore safe areas of the cave. Sometimes we are lucky enough to find a new passage.

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Tennis

by Nora Guyer and Daniel Cohen

You wake up one morning and find that you have nothing to do. Starting new projects can be annoying, and you'd rather get some exercise. So where can you go on such short notice? To the tennis courts, of course!

Tennis is truly a sport for all ages and abilities, as is proven here at Buck's Rock. Our two groovy counselors, Zach and Fran, as well as the CIT Dave (last year's singles champ) are always willing to teach a lesson. Whether you want practice in groundstrokes, net play, serving, or just want to hit around, all that you have to do is sign up and show up.

During inter-camp play, the Buck's Rock team hit Camp Delaware hard, coming away victorious. But it wasn't the win that mattered; instead it was our spirit that kept us going. We all know the Buck's Rock cliché: "Everyone's a winner at Buck's Rock." Well, this was definitely true that day at Camp Delaware.

The camp's first ever tennis trip was held this summer when we attended the Volvo International Tournament. This proves what the tennis counselors have known all summer-- interest in tennis at Buck's Rock is definitely rising! An increasing number of players toted their rackets along when they left for camp this year, and more are coming down to the courts just to hit around with the rackets kept on hand.

Basically, tennis at Buck's Rock is a low-stress way to keep in shape and have fun, which is what camp is all about. So go on down to the courts and have a great time. See you next summer! (But if you head down at snack time, don't forget a pitcher of grape juice.)



Animal Farm

by Marc Mayer and Ariana Moses

Cow watch began on Bastille night
and continued for days, which gave the CITs a fright.
How long? How long? How long will this be?
We just hope we won't mistake water breaking for pee!"

Cows stampeding towards the food.
Cow was pregnant and when she mooed,
Spencer thought she would give birth.
Days had passed (and for all it's worth)
Hercules was born and fell upon the earth.

Katherine knew from the day she came
that Monday was the night to claim
and sure enough she was right.
Now let's get off cows, if that's alright.

We took two trips during this summer
and even though the zoo trip was quite a bummer
we enjoyed the entertainment coming home
but we're not allowed to mention it in this poem
because it's not that kind of place
we'll just shut up about this case.

At the Goshen agricultural fair
(the second trip we took, if you're not aware)
the auction was a lot of fun.
We took stuff home when we were done.
We didn't need it, but that's okay.
Crutches are useful anyway!

It's time for feeding
but on the way
we stop to talk and go astray.
We're late, we're late, what do we do?
When we show up Todd says, "Where were you?
You were supposed to be here five minutes ago
and for the next time you will know."

Helen and Andrea like shovelling dung.
It keeps them fit and makes them strong.
We don't tell them that they stink
for they'd tell us, or so we think
to do it ourselves
and it's us, not them, who smell!

We the animal farm staff
would like you to sit down and have a laugh
at this poem we have written here.
Now let's introduce ourselves so it's clear.

Andrea led us all with her patience and charm.
Helen never looked like she worked on the farm.
Todd was the shop head although part time.
Now let's move on to another rhyme.

Photo by Halie Rosenberg

Here come the helpful CITs.
Numbering four, we aim to please.
Mike is known for kissing goats.

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Watermelon Seeds

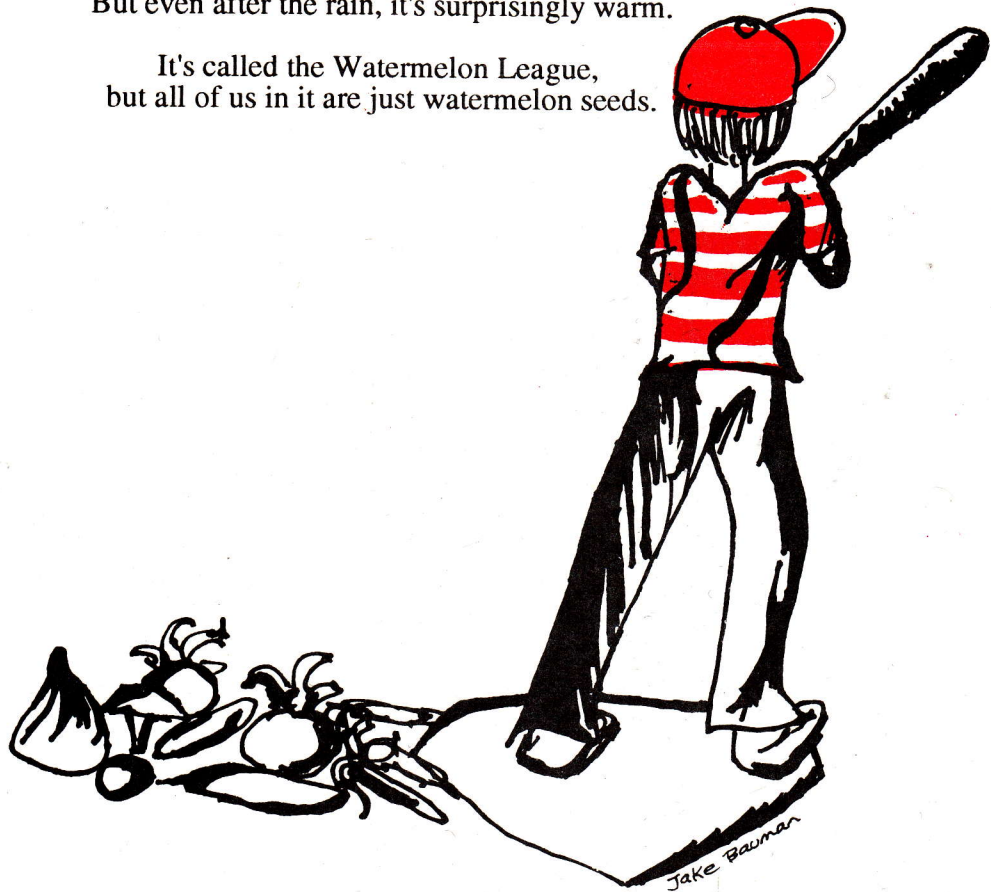
By Liz Potenza

Out on the field, Ed calls a strike.
Up at bat, home runs are what we like.

The score is 21 to 2, but keep your hopes high.
The game was just called by the darkening sky!

I'm slipping on the mud from that good old camp storm.
But even after the rain, it's surprisingly warm.

It's called the Watermelon League,
but all of us in it are just watermelon seeds.



Softball At Buck's Rock

by David McGuire

Anyone can play softball at Buck's Rock. No matter what your skill level, everyone is a winner. The first session teams were named after vegetables. The teams were: Okra, Sprouts, Capers, Squash, Artichoke and Garbanzo. The Watermelon League Pennant went to the Sprouts, Jeff Samuel's team.

For the second session the teams were named after dogs. The names were: Dalmations, Beagles, Huskies, Bulldogs, Shi-tzu and Mutts. Many of the teams repeatedly changed their names because their breed was puny or the name did not rhyme with a good cheer.

Most of the games were close and very exciting. My first game of the new season was a good example of this. The lead changed five times and at the end my team lost 14-13. Although my team lost, we all had a fantastic time and there were no hard feelings.

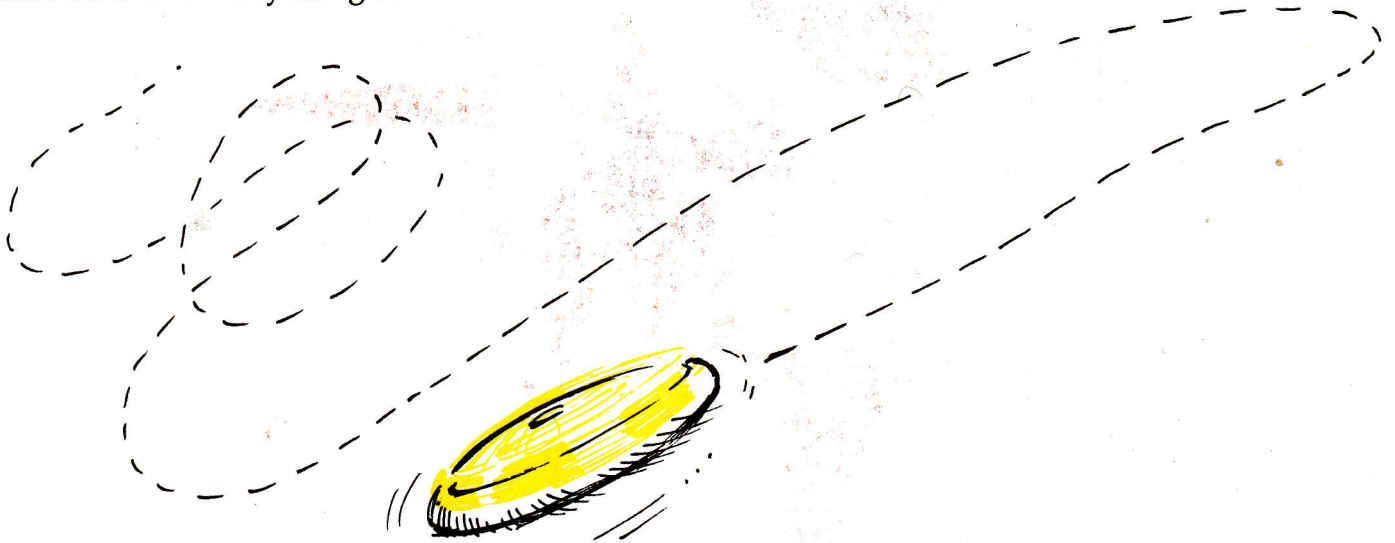
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The Ultimate Sport

by Brian Jacobs

At 7:00 p.m. every night a bunch of people gather at the soccer field, but they aren't there for soccer. These people are there for ultimate frisbee. It's like football, but it's not violent and there is no running. You start from one end of a field and you pass the frisbee to a teammate; that teammate passes the frisbee to another teammate until your team scores a goal or the other team intercepts the frisbee.

There are many ways to throw the frisbee, for example, the forehand, the backhand, and the hammer. There is also the tomahawk, the thumb flick, the flying saucer, and finally, the upside-down throw. If you've never played ultimate frisbee before, you should start playing. In my opinion, ultimate frisbee is a really fun game.



-Eat, Sleep, PLAY!-

by Sam "It's-Not-A-Dress-It's-A-Tunic" Kusnetz

Ultimate Frisbee at Buck's Rock, undeniably one of the coolest sports ever to hit the planet, fell under the direction of Steve "I can throw over my shoulder, really I can" Ansell. Only God knows why. I suppose I'll have to give a description of Ultimate for those of you who <gasp> don't know what it is. Ultimate is kinda like football, except that it's completely different. Y'all gots to chuck the disc (frisbee, round lump o' plastic, whatever) to your teammates down the field to score in the endzone. This is best accomplished by arriving at the field ten to twenty minutes before the soccer crew shows up, thus aggravating the maximum number of people. Just kidding. The two other basic rules are: you can't move when you have the disc, except to pivot on one foot like in basketball, and when the frisbee hits the ground, it's turned over to the other team.

Here at camp, frisbee is played after dinner most every day (we usually start by seven-thirty or so). Some of the regulars this year were David "Gonna peg that disc no matter how far away" Hanlon, Cameron "Outta my way" Flint, Kate "Shoes are for losers" Schapira, Andrew "Everyone search for my glasses" Rosenberg, Lizzie "I got the height advantage" Sroka, Bob (Emily, whatever), and many, many more.

Until next year, play hard, and remember: We are on a mission from God!



Photo by Vanessa Henke

Drawing by Natalie Prager



Camp Life

"Teach your children well
Their fathers' hell
Did slowly go by
And feed them on your dreams
The one they pick is the one you'll know by"
-Crosby, Stills and Nash

"I learned at a very early age to shake my head 'yes'
while shaking my mind 'no' -and better yet, how to
do something about it."

-Mary Todd Lincoln

Dispensary

by Alana Clements

While many people at Buck's Rock attempt to try all the shops, there is one particular shop that people do not seem to want to try. This is the "Art of Healing" shop (otherwise known as the dispensary). This place appears to be avoided like the plague. That does, of course, exclude the people who:

- a. Like being sick
- b. Pretend to be sick as a hobby
- c. Are related to the nurses by blood

For the majority of people, the only reason for visiting is the free ice pops that you can sometimes snag.

Being a very healthy person (during the year), I did not anticipate being a frequent visitor at the "Art of Healing" shop. However, immediately after arriving at the end of June, I fell ill with numerous unpronounceable ailments.

The nursing staff: Lloyd, Ron, Cynthia, Linda and Wendy are always around to keep you happy and hopefully healthy. They are usually kind (excluding very hot days) and are calm (except for in emergencies like Health Inspector visits). I should know. For parts of the summer I practically lived there.

So, for people considering trying this shop I give three pieces of advice:

1. Use ouchless Band-Aids
2. Only drink the Gatorade in moderation
3. Do NOT try to sneak out ice pops



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Thank goodness!

by Nora Guyer



Photo by Adriane Sandler

It's finally your turn at the head of the lunch line! After waiting approximately forty-seven billion years, you know that no matter how the line duty counselor counts, you have to get in with the next group of campers!

Campers wait impatiently for their chance to get platefuls of whatever entree they desire, or skip the hot food and pile up a salad or custom-made sandwich.

This might explain to the average observer why we're not all starving to death here. Far from it indeed. The head cooks, Helene and David Schneider, and assistant cooks Ian Gittins, Julie Dobson, Marie Sylvester, Diana Rodger, Joanne Kinsey, Sarah Burns, and Blanche Verhoeven are always hard at work planning and cooking meals they hope will please everyone. Stewards Al Rubin, Ben Yomtov, and Andrew Campbell are constantly on the lookout for quality and quantity in the foods they order. Bakers Alan Braun and Adrian Bliss work hard to make sure we all get our fill of cookies, rolls, and cakes. Certain essentials are always on hand (i.e., peanut butter, jelly, bread, tuna), and, as camper Lindsey Sherwin points out, it's not a question of the food being good or bad, it's a question of finding something you like.

After all, the kitchen staff is trusted with the job of providing approximately 600 people with reasonably healthy, well-balanced meals; that can't be fun! It's got to be harder to cook for 600 people than for six, and our kitchen does a terrific job!

Then you have your vegetarians. The kitchen does a good job ensuring that there's always salad, rice, pasta or some other dish acceptable to vegetarians available, in addition to the main meat dishes. Even stricter vegetarians, who avoid both meat and animal by-products, will be able to stay happy and healthy at Buck's Rock.

And let's not forget the dining room staff of Judith Evans, Zoey Hiscock, Alex Lann, Ranjit Kaur, and Sarah Titmus. Their job is no day at the beach either. They have the not so enviable task of cleaning up after us, the loveable but slightly messy population of Buck's Rock. After you've finished spilling your water all over the table, it's the dining room staff who has to come and wipe it up.

All in all, the kitchen and dining room staffs have a tough assignment, and they do a commendable job turning out meals that are both edible and enjoyable! So the next time you start complaining, think of how often you've actually skipped a meal because of the menu.

To our kitchen and dining room staffs, thanks for all of the good food and the clean room, and to all you campers out there, BonAppetit!

Evening Activities

by Joshua Brock Leitner

Hi there Buck's Rock! Hey, how you all doing tonight? Tonight's evening activity is the movie.....on the lawn at 8:15.

That is what you will hear at night at Buck's Rock. It's all said by that energetic guy Chris Konczak. Sometimes Peter Friedrich joins him and says a few words too. Peter and Chris are the two awesome evening activity dudes. They are the ones who plan the wonderful evenings out, they pick the movies, they promote the events, and much, much more. But let's not forget me, their wonderful CIT wannabe, Josh Leitner. He programs that really cool electronic message board that you read about 20 times a day when you wait on those terribly long meal lines. Andrew Merelis (the kid on the unicycle 24 hours a day) does it also. There are many other people who help me out too. At least one person a day wants to learn how to do it. Josh also sets up the movies with Jonah (BHU) and Dan Blake (BCD).



This is Chris's first year here as evening activity director and he tried some new things out. One of the things that he has done was to have alternative activities that included classic movies and foreign movies. One of the classic movies that Chris and Peter showed was The Blues Brothers. That movie got a big turn out. Other movies that were shown that are more recent are The Shawshank Redemption (which everybody seemed to go to), Speed, and a new Buck's Rock tradition to show the Star Wars movies every year. The Star Wars movies are the most popular ones.

We also had the traditional shows, dances, clown shows, and music concerts. Some of the shows this summer included Anything Goes, Romeo and Juliet, Lindale Warriors, Age to Age, Rimers of Elridge and many more. The music concerts included Jazz Bands, Orchestra, Acappella, Chorus, and other groups. The dance performances were also fantastic along with the clown shows.

Other evening activities included roller skating, karaoke, square dancing, talent nights, staff on stage, shop skits, rock cafe, and salmagundi if it does not rain. We also had dances. Chris Konczak headed the funk dance which was on the porch. He did a mighty good job at being the MC. Everybody there seemed to have a blast.

Personally I think Chris and Peter did a excellent job at running the evening activities. I can guarantee you there will be more EXCITEMENT IN SUMMER 1996!! See you then!

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Twenty-Eighth New Milford 8 Mile Race

by Roger Schwartz



The twenty-eighth New Milford Race went as usual, as our bus load of Buck's Rock CITs, counselors, and campers arrived at the Town Hall on New Milford's Main Street. While some underwent arduous stretching and conditioning, others like myself did mostly light calisthenics. Promptly at 9:30 the runners lined up for the start of the race. I was in the middle of the line-up along with a group of British counselors. The gun rang out as clear as water, and we were off on what would prove to be one of the most gruelling runs of our lives.

After the first mile, the once overcast sky and cool morning breeze had quickly given way to a sweltering sun and even more oppressive humidity. Our shirts stuck to us like glue and intense perspiration bathed us as the pack passed the mile marker.

I thought, "I've got too little energy and too many miles to go on like this," as a stitch set in my side. The other runners braved the heat well and ran with almost superhuman tolerance. Throughout the remainder of the race the main objective seemed to shift from achieving a good time or place to just getting to the finish line. I had considerable troubles that had not plagued me the previous year, concerning the heat and stitches, but considering these obstacles I ran a decent race. The others, especially Eli, a fellow CIT, and John Levy ran an excellent race with times of 1:03 and 1:17 respectively. Owen Bartlett, a counselor at the Ceramics shop, had the fastest Buck's Rock time with an astounding fifty-eight minutes. I think that I can safely say that aside from the heat and humidity which were really quite severe, a fun and exciting time was indeed had by all.

New Milford 8: An Event Never Forgotten

by Brett Kizner

It was the last Saturday of July, once again. Hundreds gathered for an event that would change their lives forever—The New Milford 8.

Thirty-eight Buck's Rockers crammed the bus cheering, each praying that he/she would come back a winner. With the final encouragement from Marc Richter and the words, "See you in six and a half miles," they left. In an interview on the bus Ian Jackson was quoted as saying, "I've been running for eleven years and never have I seen such a big bunch of kids run."

Once the representatives of Buck's Rock reached the New Milford Green, where the gun would signal the start of the race, they registered and warmed up. From then on it was business and business only.

Shortly before 9:30, the announcement came that it was time for the runners to get in position. *Bang*, and they were off. All the runners took off in a pack that in just a few minutes would dissipate. "You have to pace yourself," John Parley said, stopping to pant. "Most of the way, the group of runners I was with were singing."

Finally the announcement was heard that the first runner was heading over Cardiac Hill and would be at the finish line in a matter of minutes.

It wasn't until shortly under the one hour mark that the first Buck's Rocker would cross the finish line. This lucky counselor was Owen Bartlett. The next Rocker was Ian Jackson, and the third to finish was Ian Gittins.

The Final Buck's Rock times were:

Owen Bartlett 0:58:41

Ian Jackson 1:02:57

Ian Gittins 1:03:03

John Levy 1:03:07

Chris Rush 1:03:41

John Shipstone 1:04:17

William Starky 1:04:25

David Weisblatt 1:06:38

Peter Freidrich 1:07:03

Julie Peyton (Honorary Rocker) 1:07:19

Nigel Hedges 1:07:56

Adrian Bliss 1:08:41

Roger Schwartz 1:10:08

David Grotell 1:10:50

Simon Hoë 1:12:22

Bernie Verdon 1:14:44

Eli Marks 1:17:56

Steve Edington 1:17:57

Inga Larson 1:18:40

Miklos Szazados 1:19:32

Ann Spencer 1:20:14

Rachel Sherman 1:20:45

Phil Haspel 1:24:22

Julie Dobson 1:24:38

Greg Humphreys 1:24:38

Marc Van der Vliet 1:28:16

Kirsty Elson 1:30:39

Claire Duncan 1:30:39

Jon Parley 1:36:35

Juliet Ross 1:36:39

Ariel Nelson 1:36:39

Rachel Golden 1:36:43

Daniel Cohen 1:36:49

Oilien Chong 1:40:11

Helen Dunderdale 1:49:07

Blanche Verhoeven 1:49:06

Reisha Goldman 1:55:36

Allison Grover 1:55:36

Congratulations Runners!!!

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Trips

By Mike Radosh

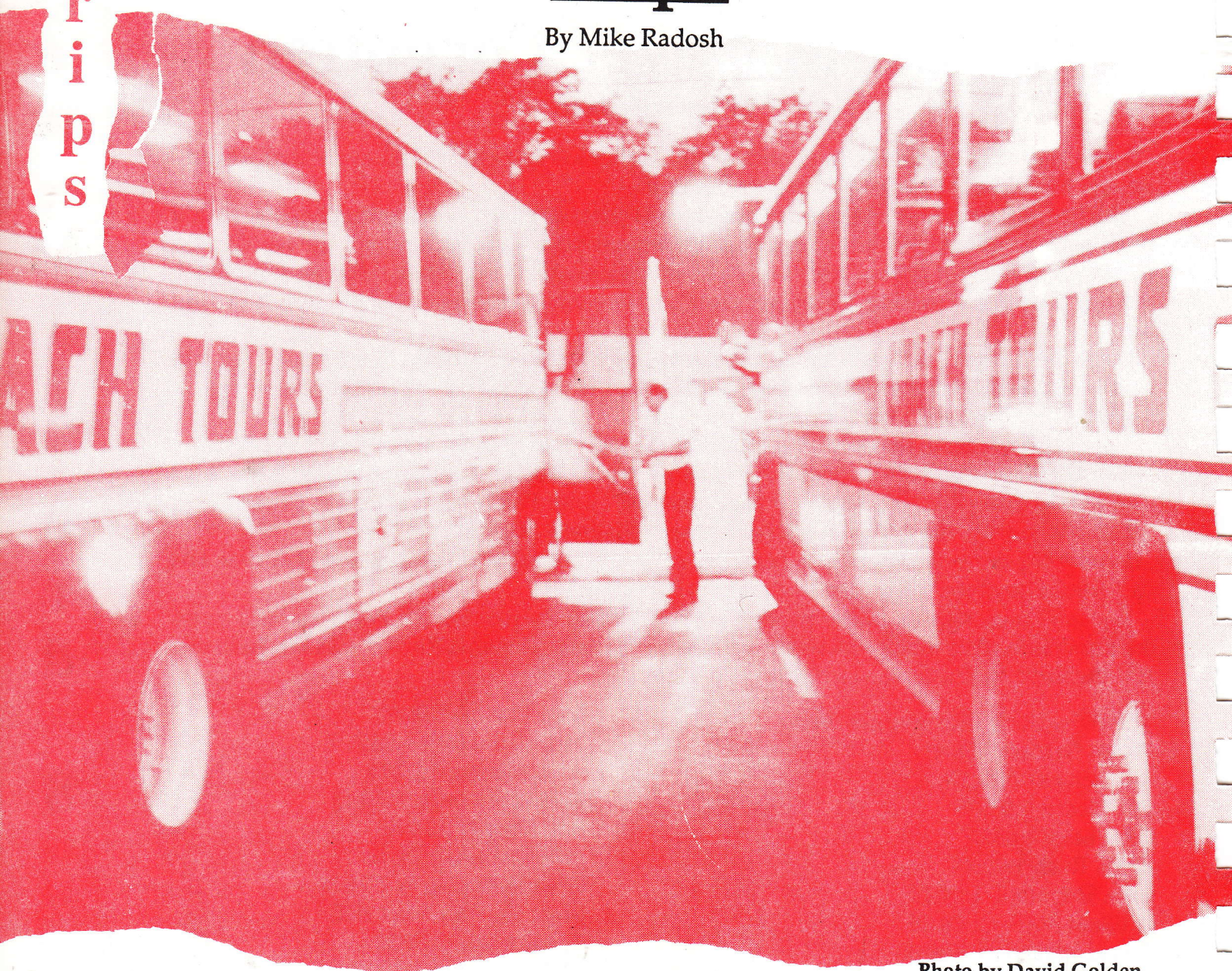


Photo by David Golden

One thing that people looked forward to in the summer was the vast number of trips that the camp took. Trips were used as a way to take a break from everyday camp life.

Three kinds of trips were taken. There were bunk trips, shop trips, and spelunking, which anyone could sign up for. Bunk trips were the trips that allowed the most choice. Requests were listened to, but many were out of the question. Two of the most common trips were camp-outs and movies, which happened once every session. Movies were usually voted upon by a specific bunk. You were not forced to go on anything you did not want to, but it was encouraged and it was usually fun.

Shop trips were the most frequent, as nearly every shop went somewhere each session. The trips ranged from Softball's minor league games; to Pub's excursion to a museum, a lake and a farm. Then there was the Animal Farm's trip to an agricultural fair. Even if you did not go to a certain shop very often, you could still go on that shop trip, but preference would go to regulars at that shop.

The last trip was spelunking, which is cave exploring. Due to limited space, Stan often conducted these trips twice a week. Trips were fun, especially as an extra treat was going to Carvel and Dunkin' Donuts after nearly every trip!

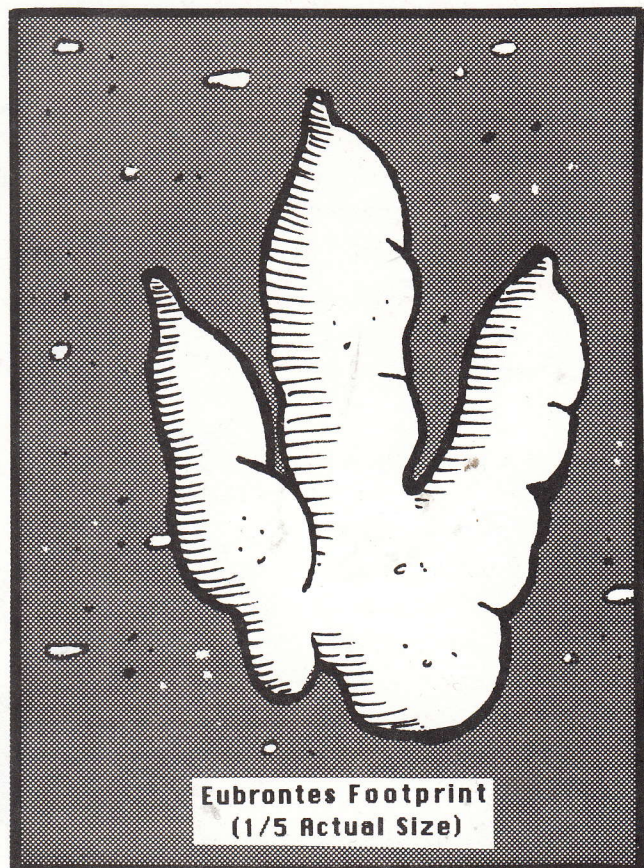
Pioneering / Glass Expedition

Dinosaur Footprints by Stan Schleiffer

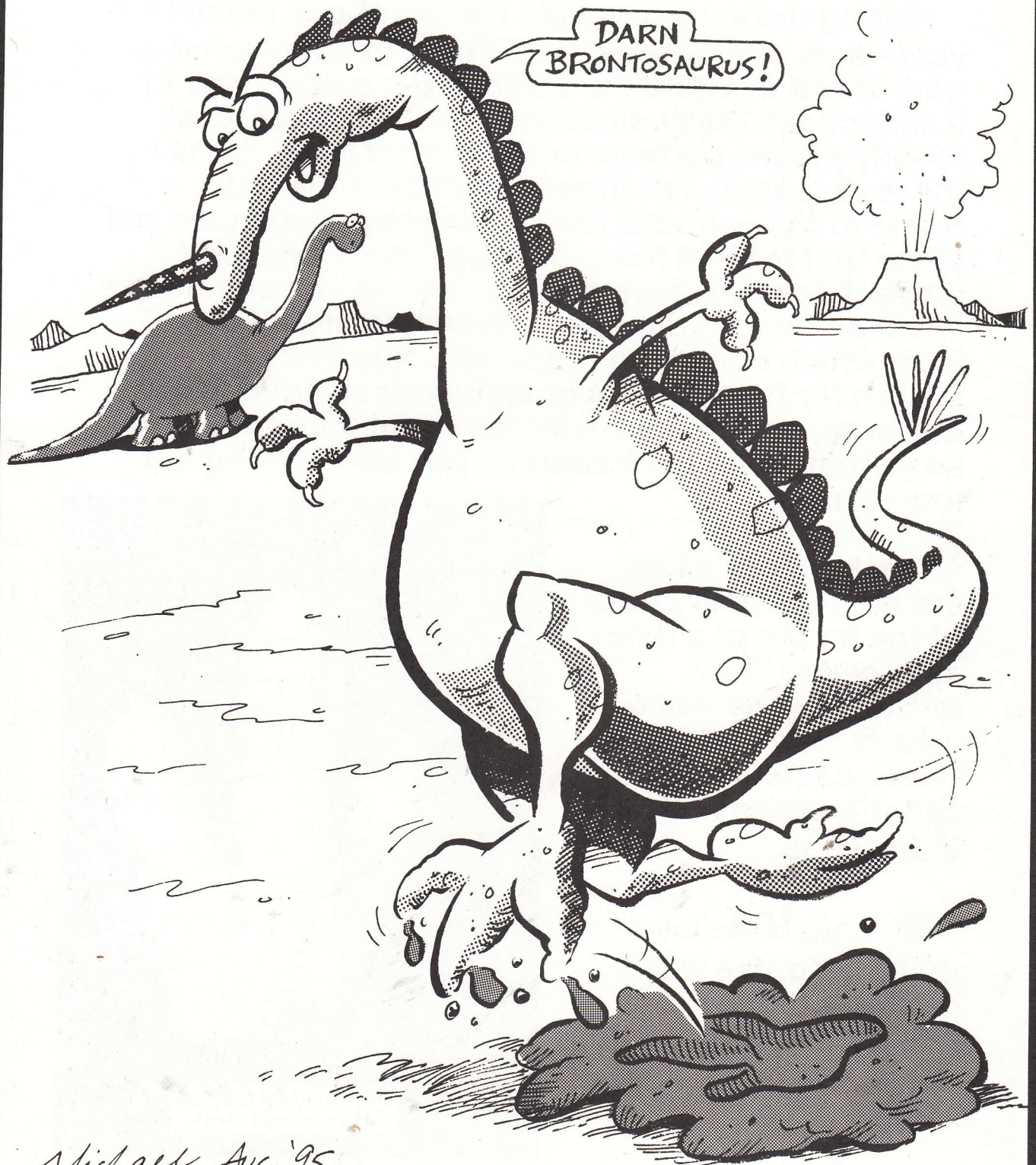
During the early Jurassic Period, about 185 million years ago, mudflats extended over much of what is now called the Hartford Basin in the central part of Connecticut. Many dinosaurs travelled over these muddy plains, perhaps searching for food. Some of these dinosaurs left their footprints in the mud. Some of these tracks have been preserved in the red shale that formed from the mud. Fossil bones of these dinosaurs have not been found, the conditions in which the footprints are preserved are different from which bones are preserved. However, the search for fossil bones of dinosaurs continues in this area, and we have learned a lot about the creatures that made the footprints just by studying the footprints.

Buck's Rock campers made plaster casts of the tracks of a dinosaur called "Eubrontes". (The name means "like thunder".) These casts were duplicated in glass at the glass shop.

Scientists believe that Eubrontes was a predator that lived in this area during the Jurassic period.



EUBRONTES LEAVES HIS MARK



Michael Aug. '95

OUR HOME: GIRLS' ANNEX CABINS

By Erica Berman and Beth Kalisch

The Girls' Annex Cabins (not Girls' Annex 1, not Girls' Annex 2, not Girls' Cabins, not Girls' Cabins Annex, and not Boys' Annex) is conveniently sandwiched between Boys' House and Boys' Annex, which enables three bunks of pre-teen boys to observe us undressing. Other luxuries of our living area include a rustic rock path from Three of the bunks to the bathroom, the pleasure of constantly clogged toilets, and muddy water covering our bathroom floor which serves as a post-shower foot rinse. We in GAC do not have to go to the Animal Farm to come close to wildlife as we enjoy the company of two relatives of Pepe LePew living under our porch. As an added benefit, residents of bunk 13, may on some occasions, be able to feel the air conditioning from Stan and Marlene's cabin (which, incidentally, is situated nearer to the bathroom than rooms 14 and 15). But seriously, we love our bunk and the unique opportunities it has to offer. For instance, we are the only bunk in Camp with three house counselors. Actually, we only have two and one half, but Alyssa's so enthusiastic that we count her as a full counselor, even though she spends half of her day in Bargello. For example, she once woke our entire bunk half an hour early because she was so excited for changeover. As for Anne "No, I'm not English" Vigeveno, the Dutch princess, and Josie "Josie not Jozie" Clark, they were content living in their tent at the top of the hill until numerous mice chased them into Boys' House. As you can see, we've had a truly incredible summer in the Girls' Annex Cabins. We've made friends, bonded and laughed, all to the sound of that unknown someone playing Nirvana on their guitar.



A Thank You to the Staff of Buck's Rock

This was a summer with many highlights; we could call it a cavalcade of highlights. One of my highlights was watching the choosing of the Yearbook title. Over twenty suggestions were made by intelligent, thoughtful, really very wonderful young people. Each suggestion made was an expression of what summer at Buck's Rock was all about and also what it had meant to each boy or girl who proposed a title. One suggestion might have been "Reflections", because the meeting and the effort that went into the creation of the book reflected what the summer had meant to many people.

My own personal title would have been "Sunset and Evening Star." It had been the title of the sixth volume of an autobiography written by a friend, Sean O'Casey. I would have chosen it not only because I like the sound of the words, but because it pertains to this stage of my life. Furthermore, it invites a retrospection, a recollection of events past, many of which I like to remember and many I would prefer to forget. Several times, and not always by choice, Ilse and I had to leave the work we had started. But I was glad to have been able to bring to this country what we had to abandon in Europe and see it flourish in very good hands.

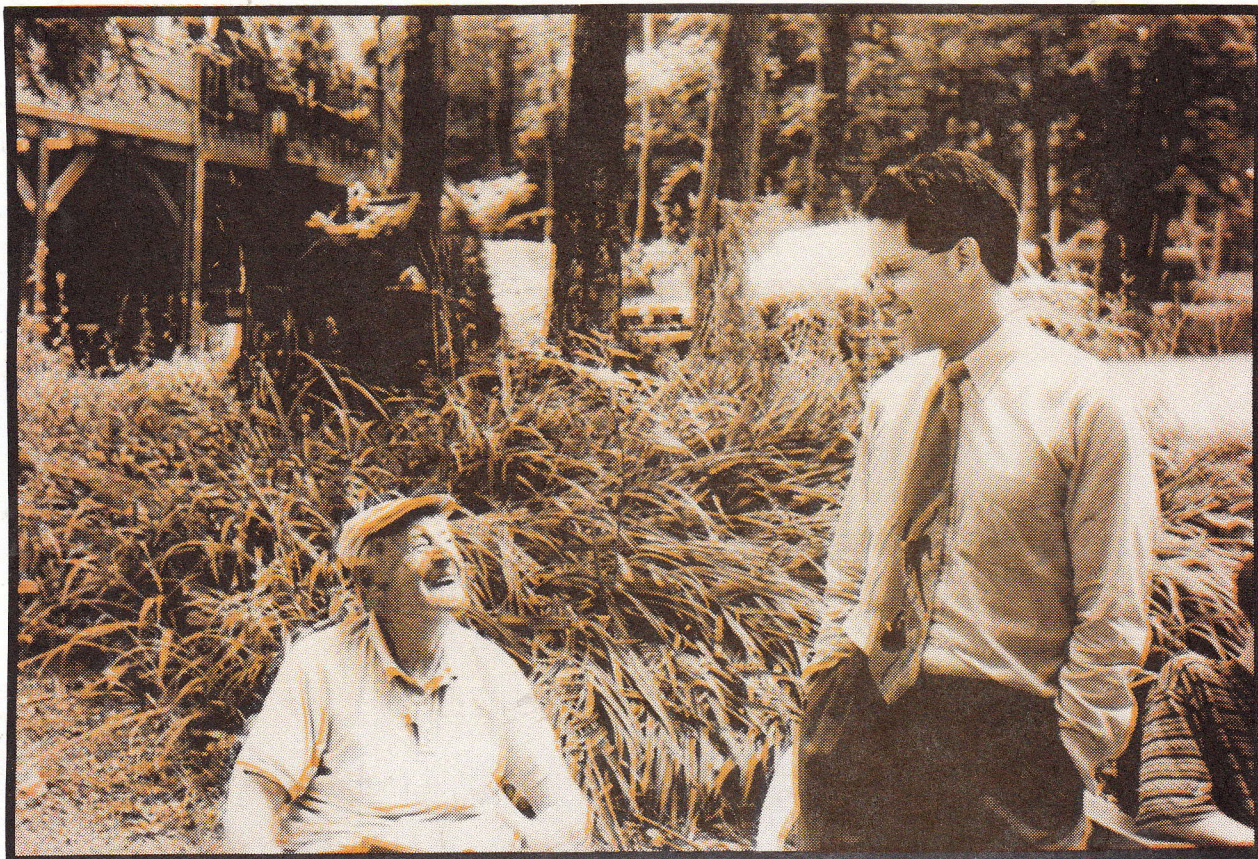
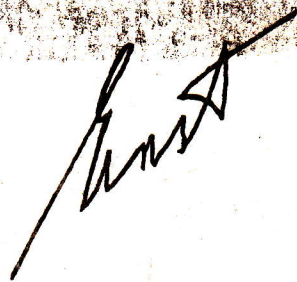


Photo by Adriane Sandler

I feel that all of you, who were at Buck's Rock this summer, were in the most important profession, the profession of education. Of course, we are educators all the time. We influence the next generation, as we are influenced by them and they, in turn, will influence generations to come, links in an endless chain. I know you have used the methods and tools at your disposal extraordinarily well and I feel they were used equally well by the young people. You have gone again through the joys and sorrows involved in education: it is a profession to be proud of, as this summer I hope you all can be.

We are dealing with a generation which has become increasingly adjusted to a crowded life. Young people, therefore, find it difficult to feel safe outside a crowd of their own. This summer, you have created again another dimension, another trend. You have created for young people at Buck's Rock an environment where it is possible to satisfy the need for independence, for individuality and personal initiative, for being with oneself and pursuing one's own particular goals. You have tried to develop in young people the ability to understand each other and thus progress to an understanding of themselves. And you can be gratified by their splendid response. Buck's Rock has remained a vital and noble enterprise.

In our world, we have to cope with what is inhuman, ungovernable, unintelligible, and threatens to become inevitable; we try to replace this with what is human, intelligible, and rational. You did this by working together and yet remaining unique individuals. We share great expectations in spite of our fears, in spite of all threats that undermine our security. We can only exist in time, in a space without limits, in a world that will go on forever, in one form or another. Therefore, our small yet significant efforts this summer are more than worthwhile, more than rewarding; they represent true heroism, a heroism without fanfares and waving of flags. And, so, I congratulate you all, young and old, and wish you the best in all days and nights, months and years to come.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be "L. Ernst", written diagonally across the lower right portion of the page.

A e r o b i c s

Aerobics!!

by Vanessa Henke



I came to this camp a gelatinous mass of insecurity and self-doubt. Lacking both self-esteem and muscle, I spent most of my days wandering through the dense forest surrounding main camp, questioning my self-worth. While returning from one of my evening treks, a sinewy figure approached me.

The woman carried a large black box, and beckoned me to help her through the tall bush. Not knowing what else to do, I did what she asked, and she introduced herself as Rachel.

I helped Rachel bring the stereo to the dance studio, where T.J. was seated near Rachel's large collection of CD's, discussing lesson plans.

I was growing comfortable in a remote corner of the dance studio when a sudden blast of Euro-trashy dance music jolted me to the center of the dance studio floor.

"And five, and six, and seven, and eight," shouted T.J. as she marched enthusiastically and punched the air.

I was infused with a new kind of confidence in my body and in myself. No longer did I feel the need to cover my bodacious body with baggy sweats, which I tore off and tossed into the woods.

After class, boys older than I rushed to retrieve and offer me my discarded items of clothing. But I did not need their affection, for I had gained confidence in myself.

The next day, I entered new shops, wrote to friends and family for the first time, and joined year-book! On those woodsy treks, I was now accompanied by friends.

Aerobics has truly changed my outlook on life.

BUCK'S ROCK AND THE MONTESSORI PHILOSOPHY

by Erica Berman

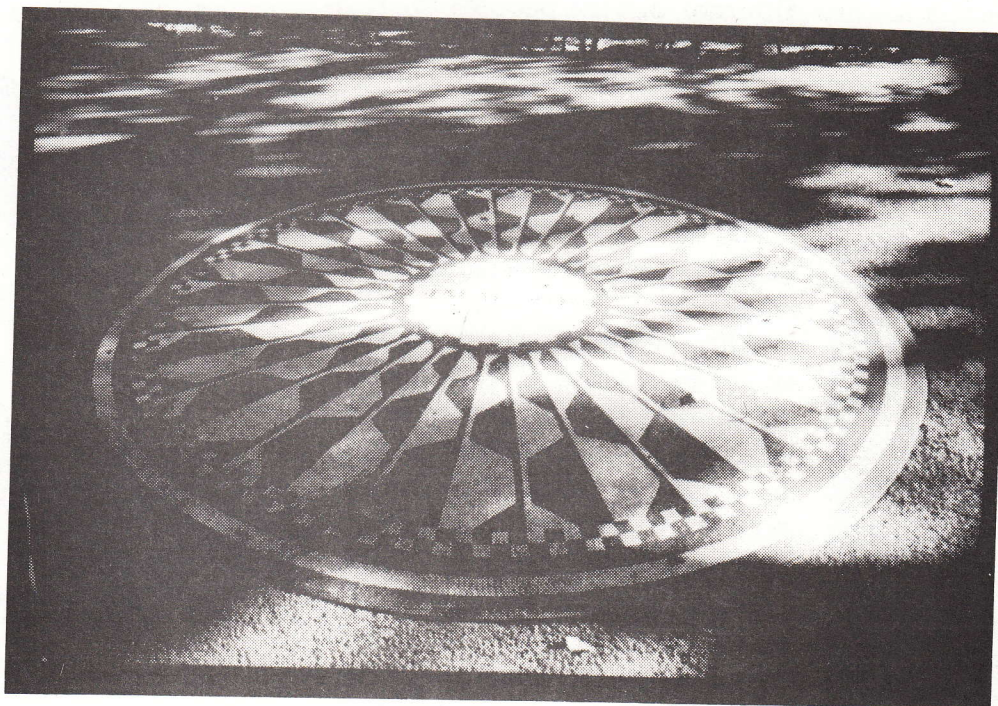


photo by David Golden

There are many similarities between the camp life at Buck's Rock and the Montessori philosophy. This is no surprise, considering that Ernst and Ilse Bulova, the founders of Buck's Rock were both students of Maria Montessori, and had the philosophy in mind when they created the camp.

A Montessori school gives its students freedom of choice through a system of individual learning: the students may choose what, when, and how to learn in different academic subjects. Buck's Rock campers experience freedom of choice in what activities they can do and when they can do them. Inside of a Montessori school, the classrooms are large and spacious, as is the Buck's Rock campus.

The similarities are plentiful, but there are some differences as well. The Buck's Rock community is, to a large degree, determined by the socio-economic status of the families of its campers. A Montessori community is supposed to be socio-economically diverse. Buck's Rock is heavily populated, but most Montessori schools do not have large communities. Montessori learning materials can be found at most Montessori schools, but are not widely used at other schools. Buck's Rock uses common materials for working, and producing art.

Another major difference between Buck's Rock and Montessori is evaluation. At a Montessori school, the evaluation for each student consists of a series of comments written by the teachers about the student's behavior and progress. At Buck's Rock, there is no evaluation. This may promote creativity and greater freedom.

Although there are similarities and differences between the Buck's Rock environment and the

BUCK'S ROCK FASHION '95

by Liz Erlich

From the day I arrived at camp, I saw that this camp was different from any other I've ever been to. Not only was the daily routine different, but the people here really made me feel as comfortable as if this were my new home, and they were my new family. The really amazing thing though, that separates Buck's Rock from any other place I've been, is the concept that you can feel comfortable wearing whatever clothing you want, without having to worry about whether or not people would make fun of it.

Although every camper has his or her own sense of style, the basic clothing trends seem to be, specifically for girls: Tank tops; recycled (pre-worn) jeans; tiny polo shirts; and baby tees. Specifically for boys: Untucked t-shirts over shorts or pants. The unisex styles include: overalls, jean and corduroy pants, either baggy or fitted; and t-shirts tucked into shorts or pants.

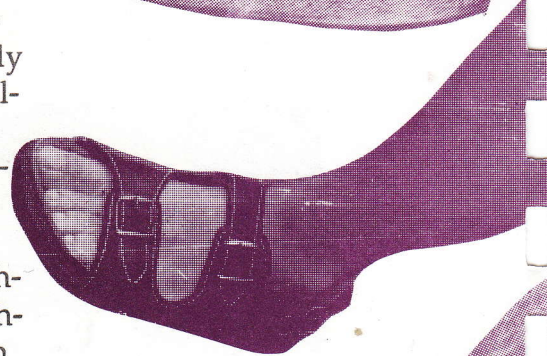
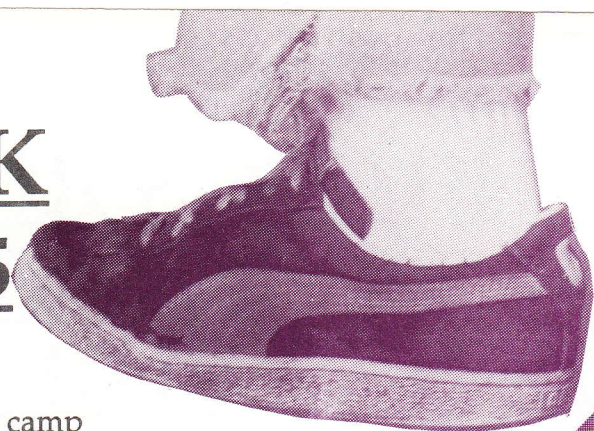
As for the shoes, I've seen: Doc Martins; Birkenstocks; Airwalks; Vans; Puma; Teva; thongs; and sneakers, which are worn on males and females. Specifically for the females, jellies and clogs are popular.

A big trend this summer is dying your hair colors of the rainbow. The most popular colors are: red, pink, green, and blue.

I've seen much headwear around camp. Even the simple baseball cap can become a fashion statement when worn, not only frontwards, but backwards and even sideways! Bandanas look great on campers and staff. And of course, what would we do without the scrunchie? Such a simple, yet essential item!

Oh! But wait! How could I forget the most important fashion accessory worn every day by campers as well as staff, the nametags! The popular name-tags come in three different colors; yellow for the campers, pink for the C.I.Ts; and blue for the JCs and counselors. Some nametags are even decorated with stickers.

Well, I guess that pretty much sums up what we're all wearing this summer at Buck's Rock.



Hiroshima Night

We have very few traditions here at Buck's Rock. Rather, we have to create every season anew and surprise ourselves with the fact that every summer is unique and differs from the preceding one with very few exceptions. One of these is to remember the sixth of August, the day the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, killing in a few seconds 70,000 unsuspecting men, women and children.

It was the event that ushered in the specter of the annihilation of all life on this planet. But it also created the necessity to work in earnest for a world where such horrors could not occur and where all wars would become impossible. We know that the sixth of August is the day when people in many countries, all over the world, would get together and take a vow, promising to try and bring about the end of war as a means to solve human conflicts.

At Buck's Rock, for a number of years, Erika Blumberg has organized a candlelight procession that signifies our determination to be a part of these efforts. Over sixty boys and girls assembled around our camp-fire site; only the candles shed their light on them. Erika spoke and delivered a most eloquent and moving address. I spoke, too, and called on everybody to step forth and speak. They did, every one of them.

Somebody brought me a chair and for almost two hours I watched the boys and girls stepping before the microphone and putting into words their thoughts and feelings. And I thought: how beautiful they look in the flickering light of the candles, how lovely it is to hear what they reveal of themselves. I admired their resolve, their attempts to wrestle with the complexity of a situation that leaves many of the best minds confused and helpless, to confront a state of affairs that is a predicament to us all.

It was a chilly evening with a cool breeze blowing. Suddenly, out of the circle, stepped a girl with her blanket and wrapped it around me. I was deeply moved. She must have felt: here is an old man; he must be cold. And I was. She must have wondered, what can I do? She lent me her blanket. She had nothing to gain from what she did. No reward was waiting for her, not even recognition, as I could not make out her features in the darkness. I didn't even know who she was.

And I thought: if the spirit that prompted her to do what she did became universal and determined the actions of all humans, there would be no longer the need for a candlelight procession, there would be no Hiroshima and Nagasaki, no Coventry and Dresden, no Verdun or Stalingrad or Lidice. If the compassion and care that were manifest in her action existed everywhere, became all-embracing, all-inclusive, this world would be a better place.

And I thought further: is this going to happen? It would take a long time, perhaps many centuries, until people could live in a world without wars. I thought: we have time. Mankind has existed- geologically- for a very short period, a paltry 80,000 years or so. We have come a very long way in a very short

time. Men and women may, ultimately, achieve what we hope for, what we dream of.

I take the blanket the girl wrapped me in as a symbol of what may become reality one day. If we begin to be our brothers and sisters keepers because that is the best way to keep everybody, including ourselves, protected and secure, then this candlelight vigil was a minute step towards what may emerge as a shining light on a distant horizon. I would have wanted to thank the girl whose action stood for what one day may become reality.

Arnst



Painting by Daniel White

Roger Schmidt



Bunk Shots

"...I sometimes wonder if the events of that summer didn't happen in another dimension, a place where your life exists before you've lived it, and where it goes afterward..."

-Tim O'Brien

"You're in my blood like holy wine
Taste so bitter and so sweet
I could drink a case of you
I would still be on my feet"

-Joni Mitchell

"Ah, but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now."

-Bob Dylan







1964
Holt
Boys



Boys Cabins Upstairs







*Girls House Downstairs **

Girls Hoopers Upskairs







II

Girls Annex



Girls Annex Cabins



Girls Terrace I & II

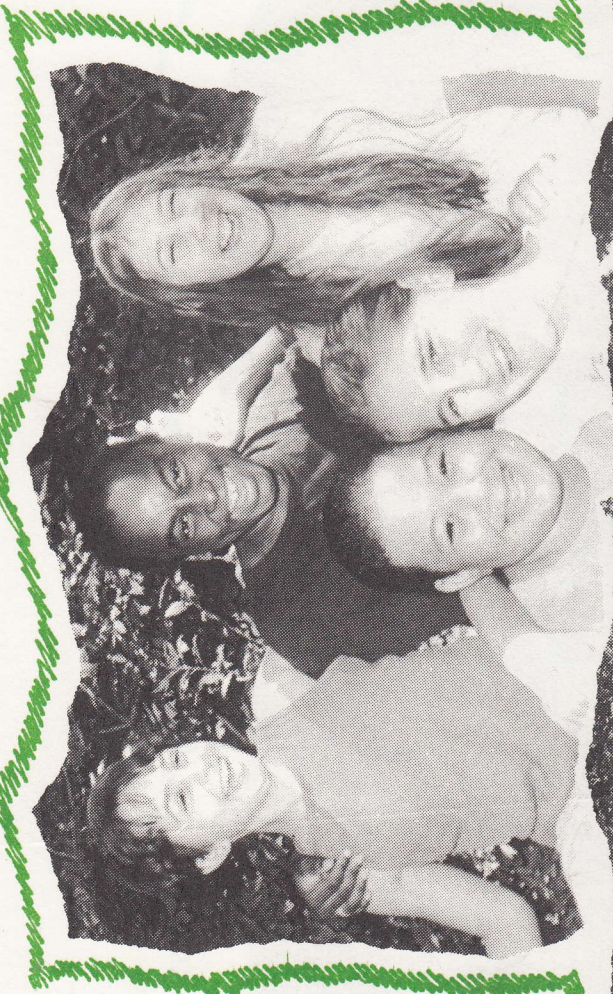




CITIS
at a distance













Chorus
A little closer









Training Crew







Editorials

"and if i ever touched a life i hope that life knows
that i know that touching was and still is and
always will be the true
revolution"

-Nikki Giovanni

"If life had a second edition, how I would correct the
proofs!"

-John Clare

"They were expendable."

-William White

Arie, Dave C., Jess Lab., Len R., Sarah, Julie, Jackie-Holly-Joelle - I miss you.
 Kateleh, Luke, Anne, Codie, Kelly, Angela, Ramona, Kate M., Hans, Juliet, Ben, Sven, Jer
 somehow I find myself able to forgive you for not being Buck's Rockers.

Kate Writes and Writes All Right....

It's editorial time again. Everyone who works on yearbook does so, at least in part, just for the satisfaction of seeing an entire page belong to them. Then, when deadline time rolls around, agonized screams can be heard from the pub garden: "I don't know what to write for my editorial!"

Well, I do. But then, I've had some practice. This is my third year on yearbook, and I'm here because I can't think of anything else I'd rather be doing (well, I *can*, but this is a family-rated publication). No, it's not Utopia, but in this small part of New Milford, I have a voice, and I know that it will be heard. I love the place, I love the people, I even love the work ("Hassle me. I thrive on stress.") and may my ears turn green and fuse to the gong before I ever feel differently.

Okay, I'm done being sentimental now... really... and we can get to the thank-yous, which is all anybody really cares about. So, enormous amounts of general benevolence go out to the following:

Emily (Memily Eg) - WE DID IT! I love you and always will. Good body image or DEATH! Words cannot describe so I won't try, but we share a brain, so maybe I don't need to. You are my very favorite gamma girl. Shelley - you are the sweetest human being ever to live and I love you. Someday you'll learn how to be selfish. Thanks for listening even when you were miserable (and for the exact same reason) and for being my partner in crime. Bob/Emily - Pulp Fiction sucks. It's amazing how someone as wonderfully crazy as you helped me hold onto my sanity. Liz - thanks. Just thanks, for much too much to ever fit into an entire library, never mind a page. Danielle - we were sisters in another life. Thanks for the poetry critiques (a.k.a. ego boosts) and free therapy sessions, and for three terrific years of friendship (corny, corny, I know). Isaac - in the Middle Ages they would have burned you for consorting with the Devil. I'm content just to make fun of you now and then, and hug you slightly more often. Myq - why do I even bother? Don't answer that - I know why, and so do you. Jessica - you're as much my sister as if we were blood-related. You have been a saving grace. Andrew (Frisbee King) - thank you for being calm, cool, and collected, and for actually *talking* to me, thereby restoring my faith in the male species. Teeth! Sam - I love you. I know it's been said, but it bears repeating. Iest - you should have been here. No one can replace you and your much-beloved neuroses (or was that genius? Or lack of sleep? No one knows for sure). Fava beans! You are far too perceptive. We must kill you now. I love you, and you are missed. Meisha - you have a perfect record and a Venus Fly-Trap - what more do you need? If it has anything to do with my love and respect, you have that too. Beth - did anyone ever tell you you're a saint? Liz Nickrenz - I have this strange urge to make chihuahua stock. WHERE ARE YOU? PMS forever and a day. Malkaleh - thanks for being a wonderful, amazing woman (shna!) and for all the much needed support - I love you. Ruth and Heidi - I'm glad it all worked out okay. TMBG forever! I love you both. Sarah Tucker - your sweetness has helped me get through a lot which would otherwise have killed me. I know your pain. "You gotta be willing to fight..." and *you* are, All my backrub customers - I hope someday you'll all be so happy that you don't need me. The Buck's Rock Ultimate Frisbee Contingent - we're on a mission from God. LSD - thanks for letting me be a T.W.I.T. Laura, Mika and Sandro - thanks for then. Janine and Lucinda - thanks for now. Family of mine - isn't it obvious? I love you all. Didja miss me? Ernst Bulova - for bringing the phoenix called Buck's Rock out of the ashes. May it last much longer than 500 years. And Raphie, Caitlin, Alyssa, Emily B., Emily P., Emily W., Laura, Rachel L., Jessica M., Dave A., Phil, Alexis, Marc, Jen H., Blythe, Ariana, Matt, Halie, Alana, Chava, Abe, Elyse (plus belated thanks for that quote) - I'm sorry I don't have room to tell you all why I love you so much. And lastly, I wish the best of luck to all those who come after me. It's been a good summer.

Special thanks to ani difranco and Lori Amos (official San Juan music) for the two ruling quotes, to Elwood and Jake Blues for dance music, and to Jim Henson for MANAH MANAH and all it implies.
 Enormous amounts of gratitude and love to EVERYONE who helped to make yearbook as wonderful as it is.



love,
Kate

co-editor-in-chief

Emily Meg Weinstein, Co-Editor-In-Chief

DIG MY EDITORIAL AGENDA

Steering clear of clichés is going to be like driving through a minefield on a tricycle, but I'll try. Though I've spent the past three summers drawn by magnetic force to that crowded, noisy shop with the garden and the hammock (broken, alas, life goes on), where we live and die by words, it's not so easy to verbalize what this camp and the people in it mean to me.

Three Buck's Rocky summers. One hundred and one days. I am, shockingly, at a loss for words. What follows feels like only a faded explanation for something very vivid, like trying to explain color to a blind person.

This camp has given me more than any other place I've ever been; it's probably most responsible for who and what I am. And it has empowered me to say that I think that's a good thing. Buck's Rock has taught me to like parts of myself I never could. Incredibly lucky somehow doesn't describe how I feel about the people I've met here. Only a tremendous cosmic incident of the best kind could have brought me to this camp, and this Pub Shoppe.

And though there is still evil in the world and the Knicks still haven't won a championship and feminism has reason to exist and sometimes there aren't any more Cocoa Krispies and you can't always get what you want and summer doesn't last forever, I had the most precious hundred days of my life here. And I wouldn't trade that for all the Cocoa Krispies and even, yes, NBA Championships and the world.

This is a place where you truly can make anything. Even more important than what I physically made and wrote and took pictures of and shaped was what I said and did and thought and felt and who I said and did and thought and felt it with. Leaving this place is going to hurt more than I like to think about.

So here I goeth, into my lengthy and hopefully (but probably not) all-inclusive thanking of those I've known and loved at this incredible place, past and present, in no particular order. . .

Kate and Liz for teaching me what it is to be a goddess, loving me as much as I love them, being my idols, and refusing to accept bad body image, you two are part of me; **Mika, Laura and Sandro**, the ghosts of Pub Shoppe past, the first people I really believed when they told me I could do writin'; **Gwen and Mollie**, '93 and '94 people, I love and miss you very much; **the 1995 Pub Shop Staff** for obvious reasons, you guys are amazing people and I feel lucky and honored to have spent this summer with you, and **Lucinda**, your novel will be published if I have to copy it a hundred times myself, **Jen**, when I hear from the dictionary people, I'll let you know, and now is as good a time as any to say that you are such an inherently good person (not to mention writer) and sometimes "I wish I was you"; **Dave** for Late-Nite director ID; **Janine** for the psychological test, complete with a lovely pond; **Jon** you're not benign, you're terrifying, I swear it, but maybe it's just because I was born bad; **Charlie**, for teaching me to PMT and parmesan poetry, among it; **the 1995 Phoenix staff** for doing a great job; **Sarah Kroll-Rosenbaum** for the experience of discovering Buck's Rock and feminist T-shirts together; **Malka(leh)**, you are a beautifully real human being, the world has a lot to learn from you and don't ever let anyone (including yourself) tell you otherwise, you're a goddess; **Elyse** because you are your own amazing woman, I worship you and that's all I can say; **Isaac** for hugs and affection and being Isaac, which says it all; **Renay** for introducing me to the coolest poems I've ever read and being a sweet, smart, wonderful person with awesome hair; **Avi, Fish, and Mike Gitter** not to lump you all together, but the things you have in common are so purely good it's even cooler that they exist in all of you—I'd be honored to have bacon and eggs with you any day, you guys are the reason I don't like feminists who don't like men—thanks for hugs and talking and listening and late photoin' (Avi) being there and being who you are; **everyone who ever gave me a backrub** because I never met a backrub I didn't like; **Karyn L.** for touchy photos and general awesomeness; **John Levy** for scintillating conversation and hugs and being a scintillating, huggable guy; **Matt Dicke** because I'M LOOPY and I forgive you for trying to make me a member of the Pen 15 club; **Shelley and Emily (Bob)** for being the kickin' bunkmates and people you are and your remarkably compatible taste in music; **Jen Holmes** for the best cuppa coffee I ever had and listening while I drank it; **Stacey Gish** for relating to frustration; **Emily Prager** for astronomical cuteness and "butts up"; **Myq Kaplan** because this is me thanking Myq Kaplan for existing, **Marc Mayer** for deep thoughts, **Dave Golden** for the whipped cream fight (being on the receiving end of the whipped-topping chuck of a lifetime), you're my bud, dude, and Liz Phair is the woman; **Adriane** for grammar, even though you have the NBA Champion Rockets in your hometown, I'll forgive you; **Rebecca Gordon** for being an extremely cool example of person with a lot of extremely cool ideas that a lot of people are going to listen to, if I have to wear sandwich boards in public places, watch out for cucumbers, sex, water parks and chocolate (in that order) and I like your speech pattern, too; **Fizzy** for putting my Suzanna Vega CD to good use; **Da(n) Lipsett** for keeping quiet about the lobotomy; **Sarah Tucker** for her kickin' poems and kickin' feminism and general kickin-ness; **Harris W.** for basketball games and coolness; **Jon Busky and John Jefferys** because you're two cool people and both Jo(h)n and I thought of how you're both cool and you're both Jo(h)n at the same time, and I said 'hey, isn't that something'; the softball teams **Okra** and **Shi-Tzus** for providing me with my first softball wins in two years; **RebeccaSusannaSharon** the only people who can be my Buck's Rock away from Buck's Rock, you guys are my buddies, my soulmates, my partners in crime, I love you more than you'll ever know; **the Knicks**—don't worry guys, we'll get one yet, I know it and **John Starks** is the man; **Alice Walker and Anna Quindlen**, for what you've said and done and written and for giving me the hope that I can someday touch at least one person the way you've touched me; **my Mom and Dad** for sending me here and being **my Mom and Dad**, you guys are like, plasma, man; **the whole rest of my family**; **Holden Caulfield** even though you aren't real, I wish you were; **the directors and most of all Ernst** for making this "here" my favorite "here" on the planet and making it possible to live the dream and become myself, a person all these aforementioned people have given me the courage to love almost as much as I love them.

*And thanks also to **anyone I forgot**. I didn't forget you, it just looks alarmingly like that. I apologize profusely and love you so much it wouldn't have fit on this page anyway.

I'm tempted to put this all in four-point type, go on forever and hand the yearbook out with microscopes. But then it would be really hard to keep in your backpack. So thanks everyone. I really dig your Buck's Rockian agenda. **LOVE,**

Emily



Diana Metrick

Co-Editor in Chief / Co-Writing Editor



Everyone is always telling me that coming to this camp is like travelling to another world. I agree. It's a world where many of us who feel somewhat abnormal (or unpopular) at home get a chance to experience our true, unique selves, unhindered by worries about conforming to generally accepted norms. We develop parts of ourselves that might otherwise go unnoticed, and find our hidden talents. These brilliant gifts range anywhere from the ability to calm scared animals to an unusual way of looking at noses through the lens of a camera to the strange and awesome capacity to make people laugh.

The thing that is so otherworldly about this place though, is not only that it allows us to discover our true selves, but that it lets us take these new understandings back to our home planets and continue growing our new selves there. For this amazing gift, I would like to thank **Ernst** (for believing we had it in

us to learn from each other, and to make a difference) as well as all of the people who've ever stepped on the soil of Buck's Rock and hopefully added in some way to its greatness.

*I'd particularly like to thank my roomies past and present (especially this year's: **Natalie, Rebbie, Megan, Jessica, Vanessa and Caren**) for giving me the experience of almost having siblings and for teaching me so much about myself. I'd like to thank room "K" (July: **Rachel, Michele, Lauren and Alana**) for being my friends, and letting me write in your room and eat your food. Thanks to **Elaine and Karen** and all my assists for sitting and talking to me on the bench when I was bored. Thanks to **Jon** (bookbinding king) for understanding and making me a wooden "bone folder". Thanks to **Beth, Myq, Marisa and Jessica** for working hard and typing when it wasn't exactly what you were in the mood to do. Thank you **Heidi The Toad**, for always being so funny and individual, and for lending me "They Might Be Giants." To the **Function Junction** (especially **Courtaney**), thanks for the laughs. You guys are really SWEET! (misuse of a Becca-ism). Thanks to all the pubbies, and to the pub staff, for helping me to escape my fear of this shop, and for showing me how much fun this place really is. Thanks to everyone in Jewelry: **Elena** (Tank Lass/ "Ellen"/ Meg Ryan), **Suzanne** (Space Cadet), **Brian** ("the hunk"/Disco Bunny), **Kristen** (the alien), **Dione** (nameless, purple-shoed staff member), **Juliet** (nameless JC) and **Renay** (CIT) for making the shop so much fun to hang out in this year, and for providing such a varied selection of good music. I will always remember this year as the calmest year in your shop. Congrats! Elena, don't make a face. It's TRUE! To **Nicole**, thanks for making me laugh when I was exasperated with my box and ready to turn the torch on someone. You're a truly good friend (and your jewelry is amazing! You probably have the most unique bracelets in the world.) Thanks to my parents, of course, for sending me to a place that let me choose my own path, and then for not trying to guide me down it. Thanks to all my friends, here and at home (especially **Jess**), for letting me be who I am, even if I'm kind of weird sometimes (hey, weird is great)!*

*But most of all, my BIGGEST thanks to **Becca**, for being one of the only people I could spend this much time with, and still come to for help. I feel like I've come to know you so much better through this experience, and I could not have chosen a better co-editor. When I go home, everyone will laugh at my Becca-isms, and I will be forced to remember you every time I open my mouth.*

*Thanx to everyone for a totally **NIFTY** summer!*

- Diana

Becca Shapiro Writing Editor

If the Rainbow Connection is all of the lovers, the dreamers and me, I think I've finally found it. My three summers here have taught me, above all, the overwhelming goodness, sunshine, and happiness that lives within me. During the school year, I find myself waiting anxiously to come back to euphoria, to my own personal rainbow connection.

This is my last summer here. But really, it doesn't matter all that much, because Buck's Rock has inscribed itself on my heart, where I know I'll never lose it.

I remember my first day at Buck's Rock: my parents leading me to Girl's House Down. I was twelve years old, freckle faced, and scared of going someplace new. I can also almost see my last day here. I am now a somewhat larger, and much wiser fourteen year old, but I am still scared: scared of leaving my best friends, my home away from home. I'm scared again of going someplace new.

It completely mesmerizes me even to think about how much I've learned. How to coax beauty out of a piece of leather or wood, how to improve my writing, how to give a calf a bottle, how to work a printing press or an electric sander, and so much more. I've learned a lot about people, especially myself, and about love, kindness and friendship. Thank you, Buck's Rock, for being such a great teacher. And thank you Ernst, the awesome creator of Buck's Rock and its magic. You have shown me that rainbows really do exist, and founded their connection.

And now to continue my thank yous: **THANK YOU** most of all to my co-editor, **Diana** for being my partner, friend and all-around savior. You've been the other half of my brain for the last few weeks, and I congratulate you for putting up with me and my Beccaisms for so long. Thanks for all the talks, laughs, and writing criticism. You're awesome, and I love you to death and back again. Almost as importantly, thank you to **my roommates** for their overwhelming support and love. Function Junction Rules! You guys are my best friends in the entire world, and I love you all to pieces. You are my Buck's Rock, and I will miss you all the most. **Courtney-** Hey freak! Stay cute, and never change, cause I love you just the way you are. I'll miss your raspberries and being dirty. By the way, I'm going to shoot your alarm clock. **Liz-** You always cheer me up when I'm down, and you're the best person to just talk to. I love you and you'll always get mail from me, because you are so buttiful. **Ich libeidich!** Eber das feld! **Big Al-** What can I say? I hate to be original, but I love you! We've bonded for three years, and you'd better not lose touch. Cow hugs are really cool, and keep hanging out in your bunk attire.

It looks good. **Lizzy-** No matter how far away we are, you'll always be my sister. Forever and ever. I'll never forget our talks by the stars. Always use a buff puff while cleaning a chicken, and one day I'll cut them off and give them to you. Thank you also to **Marisa, Myq, Jessica, and Beth** for being such great staff and assistants. I never could have done it without you. Very small rocks and thank you, **Ruth**. Thanks, **Emily** for being a wonderful friend and always being there for me, and **Jason** for dragging me around at night, all the talks, and always having a hug for me. Stay in touch! **To all my friends, at Buck's Rock, at home, and stretched across the country- thank you for making me who I am.** To my best friend and brother, **Dave**, this one's for you. Thanks for being so incerdibly cool, and I missed you a lot this summer. Last, but not least, thanks **Mom and Dad** for being such a great parents, and for sending me to the place which has created rainbows in my heart. **I LOVE YOU ALL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

Becca Shapiro
Summer 1995



"I've got the sun in my heart, and my heart's in the sun."

The Beatles

Beth Kalisch - Assistant Writing Editor

"I can't explain myself, I'm afraid, sir, said Alice, 'because I'm not myself, you see.'
 'I don't see,' said the Caterpillar. "Don't compromise yourself, you're all you've got."
 -Betty Ford
 -Lewis Carroll

Well, my third summer here has been another great one. I've grown and developed and discovered and all the other things it says in the camp brochure. And I've kept myself *very* busy despite the loss of the veggie farm, my all-time passion. But seriously, it's been a terrific summer. And now for my neverending list of thank you's:

Jen A for putting up with me and my spilled milkshakes, Kate for always giving me a hug exactly when I needed it, Judy the devil for sitting on her shelf, Jim Henson, Caren for being an awesome friend for 10 years (whoa), Emily P the psychic dance therapist, Lisa for showeres at 1 AM, Emily Meg, Erica B the shrink wrapper, Anna for not apoligizing, Purser Jason, Sarah Heidi, Hilary for NEVER taking 40 minutes to brush her teeth, Erika S for having friends that don't bring us food, The Cat in the Hat, Ian, Albert Einstein, Katie F, the Wizard of Oz, Kirby Shaw, the bonnie lasses, Sarah Z, Jessie A, Alvin and the chipmunks for infecting Judy's tape player, Alana for being my cool fellow soprano, Adriane for coming to political forums w/me, Vanessa for being the "cheerful photo editor," Dave for taking a cool artsy photo of me (even though you can't see my face), Diana and Becca, Naomi, Celine, Liz the gentle assist, bic mechanical pencils, Marc the coward, Jen H, Erika, Allegra, Sarah E, Alexa Z, Rainbow Brite, Jessica G. for having a chicken in her pants and liking it in December, the Indigo Girls, lettuce, Isaac for casting me in a play about lettuce, Chrissy and her tentative tension, Mary Girard, symbolic logic, Hallie, William Shakespeare, Lily, Eli, everyone in GAC, whoever stole my shampoo, Sara G, all the Pub counselors, the theatre directors, Brett for being a computer genius, Phoebe, Michael D, Shelley, Mickey Mouse, the spicey fries, the casts of Anything Goes, This is a Play, and Cabaret, Marisa, Myq and Jessica L, everyone else who helped make my summer as memorable as it has been, and of course... my parents, Jessy, Molly, Lexi, my stepmother, and the man who gave us all the opportunity to be here, Ernst.

♥
 Beth

"The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."
 -Eleanor Roosevelt
 "I don't know which is more discouraging, literature or chickens."
 -E.B. White

"I'm leaving you for a female goat named Lucifer Cheese."
 -Emily Price
 GAC 12 195

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."
 - Ralph Waldo Emerson

"It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen."
 -George Orwell



Myq Kaplan, Assistant Writing Editor

I've been doing yearbook for a couple years now, but this is my last one. I apologize to all the people in the future who will be denied the brilliance that is me. And the modesty, let us not forget the modesty.

I don't really know what I want to say. There are some inside jokes that I've got to write down, and some people to thank, but other than that, I'm not sure. It was fun working on the yearbook, like it always is. I'm happy to announce that I have no problems with the title this year. "Phoenix" is cool. I like it. I like pears, too.

People (to translate loosely) I must thank: the powerful yellow aura, Ernst, paper towels, my family, Pub, Music, Jessica, Marisa, Arie, Kate, Liz, Shelley, Emily, Sam, Andrew, Rev. Spooner, Isaac, Alex, Christina, Andy, Nick, my softball teams, Dave, Matt, Phil, Rosie, Steve, Ted, Alexis, Jake, Eric, Marc, Eli, Raph, Gwen, Halie, Megan, Ruth, Rebbie, Warren, Elyse, Leah, Brooks, Rachel, Sarah, Scott, Sarah, Kirby, James Sok, Paul Fox, people whose names should be here but are not. Also, if your name is mentioned but I'm not talking about you, you can pretend if you like. (If you can figure out what these next few sentences mean, I'll pay you lots of money: Spy made spam jam. Sharks twirl jet strap. Jerks sing clamps.)

Now the inevitable onslaught of inside jokes. We come bearing snack. Fran, you are neither staff nor a printer. A plague on both your horses! Jessica, you know how Marisa asked me if I knew the combination? Let's go see if they sell pencils at Boondie's. World of the Wars II. The token, it was in my pants! I lost my shirt, and Andy's disappeared, too. Above the door I say, but not anymore. Now I say, "Look at the garbage can--it's blue." Rosie, you and your boidiks and boranges make me weird. Phil, are you bored? Wow, Dan is beautiful. Explodedly? I speak China, although I am not a Nazi, a Communist, or a Christian (if that sounds offensive to you, it's not meant to be; as a fatter of mact, even if it doesn't sound offensive, it's still not meant to be).

And now, time for a joke from Matt: *Knock knock. Who's there? Lorena Bob. . . Timing! Bang! The outhouse? Did it move? No, those Satanic guys are burning themselves in it. Were they the ones in the parade? No, they were green, not red. Ah yes, I can picture the smell.*

SL: What about Disneyworld?
Is that different?

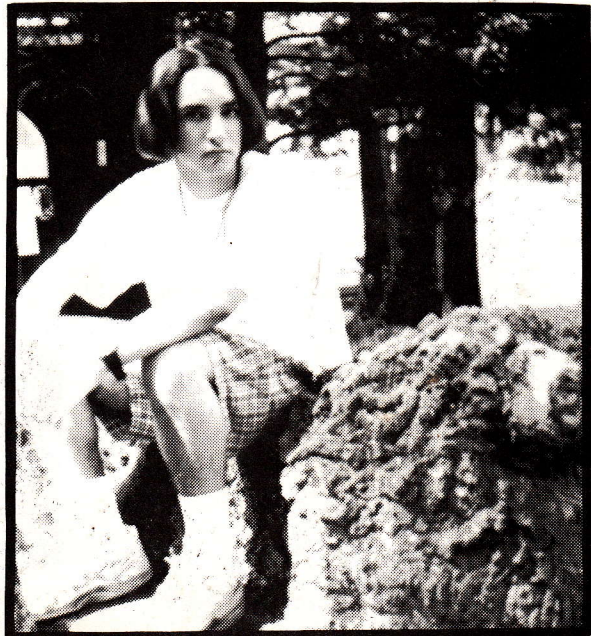
MK: I don't really like it so much anymore. I've been there three times.

SL: THREE??!!

MK: Why, how many times have you been there?

SL (after a pause): Three.

So, I hope that everyone enjoyed their summer and this yearbook. Just remember, everything that you thought was cool was completely my idea and all the bad stuff was not my fault at all. I hope that I haven't forgotten anything, but it's a bit late now ("now" meaning the time you are reading this, not the time I am typing it). So have a great year, everyone. Moo. Formaldehyde.



What's on your shirt?
The Band!

If you buy enough of them...
No, I'm not tired!

This is very funny and →

Brett Kizner

Art and Layout Editor or Computer Consultant? Take Your Pick

Computer consultant is a more appropriate title. I never really could draw, but anyway, that's not the point. The point is that for some odd reason you're actually reading my editorial!

Well, I was told by some people that I spend too much time at Pub and LSD. I want to tell you this I like it damnit. After three years of getting to know the Pub shop I think I've almost mastered everything in the shop other than Art and Layout. I guess its because I always did become psycho when I picked up an X-acto blade.

You know, sitting here in front of this computer makes me just want to pick it up and toss it across the room due to the problems we've had all summer.

Time for my ThankYous. Thanks to Mike for putting up with my weird sense of computer layout. Thanks to Jon for helping me with my weird sense in computer layout it certainly paid off. Thanks to Charlie (no, not Jen Berson) for making me a birthday card. Thanks to Charli (Jen) for being nice to me all these years. Thanks to Kate for hanging out with me this long. You and I have come a long way. Thanks to Janine for taking me running. I certainly enjoyed watching you get chased by a wasp. Thanks to Bernie for being the nice Irish lass you are. Thanks Liz for just being yourself. Thanks to Tony, Gimpy The Won-fer Slug, Bill and Craig for taking the time to teach me things.

And to anyone I forgot due to the limited space, thanks to you to.

*Love Ya!
Brett Kizner
Nice Guy*

Jake Bauman

Art and Design Editor

It all started when Jonathan Leigh ventured into my bunk the third day of camp and saw me sketching some little drawing. He introduced himself and informed me that he was a counselor from Pub. He then went on to tell me that I should stop by at Pub and draw for them. Finally, a week later I turned up at Pub and began drawing for the first Lit Mag. I returned again and again, drawing for the two Lit Mags and the newspapers.

When the second month began, I was lucky enough to become the editor of Art and Layout for the Yearbook. As editor, I learned how to use the PMT machine (actually, not really, considering I broke it...) and also became familiar with the layout program on the Pub computers.

Being at Pub was definitely a strange experience, considering the odd group of counselors working there. There were Jon and Lucinda, who never acted their age (heh, heh, heh...) and Janine, who was always joking around and playing her pathetic little games (they were kinda fun actually). Charlie and his weird jokes were always cool, not to mention all of those other psychos down there (just kidding...). It was also fun having paint fights with Jon and ALWAYS getting into dinner on the counselor line.

So that's basically all I have to say, besides that it was really fun being at Pub. And by the way, thanks Mike (Fitzpatrick), for saying, "Oh, Maaaaaan....that's really good!" about my artwork!



Roy Berman, Art & Layout editor

This was my fourth summer at Buck's Rock, and on the yearbook. I don't remember what I did my first year here, and I am feeling too lazy to go and look it up in an old yearbook. My second year I was a Production Assistant, and I was a Production Editor the following year. This summer, I decided that since I'd been doing production for two years, I would try another department, so I applied for Art & Layout. I was made an Art & Layout Staff Member. After about a week, I was promoted to an Assistant Editor because the three we had had either left the yearbook staff, or were about to leave on account of their being six-weekers. Today I found out that I'd been a full editor for a few days, having been promoted because of a need for another layout person at Pub for a full half-day.

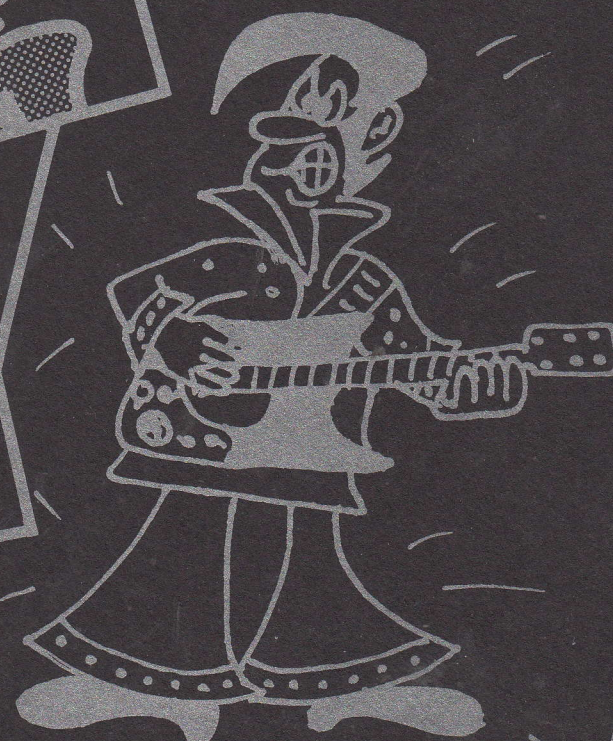
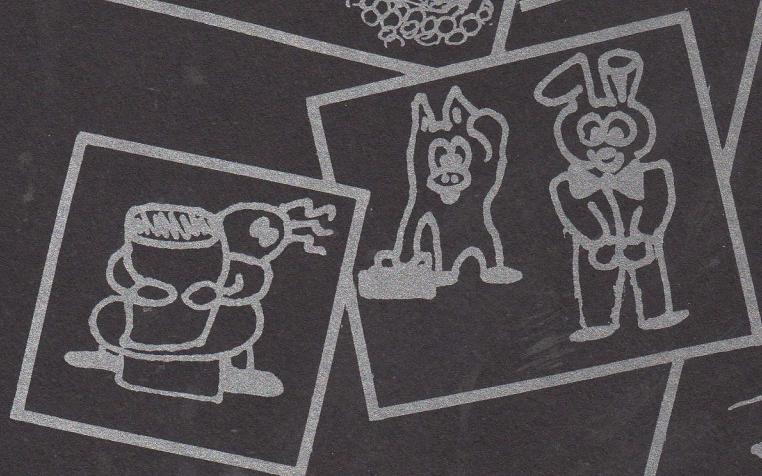
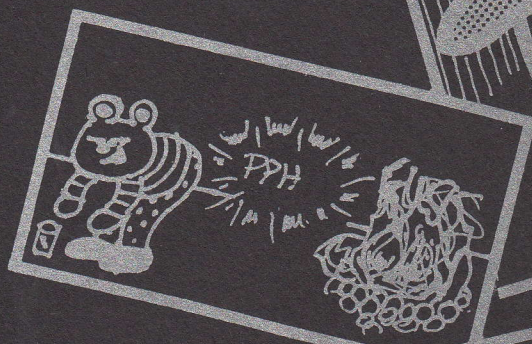
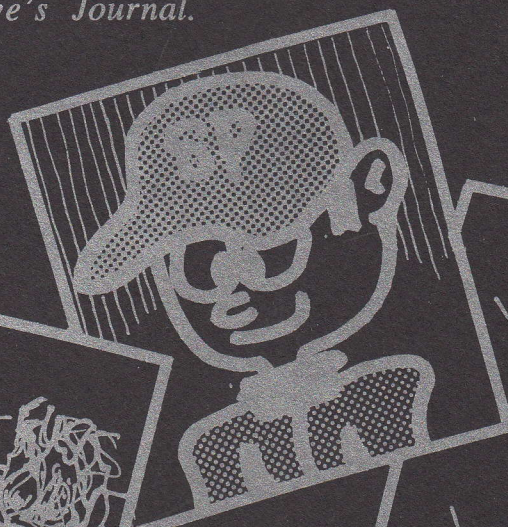
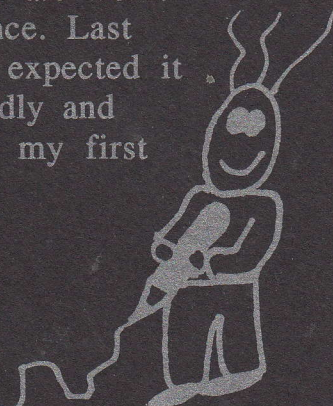
I would like to thank the Pub Shop staff, the other yearbook staff, my bunkmates, my house counsellors, and anyone else who deserves it. I list no specific people because I know that I would just leave out the most important names.



ASSITANT ART+LAYOUT EDITOR

This year in Publications I've enjoyed writing sports articles, drawing illustrations, and creating cartoons for the "Buck's Rocket". That's why I decided to do the same thing for the Yearbook, writing the Athletics article and helping with illustration. I've also learned to do new things, like mixing ink and giving dimension to my art work.

I think everyone should try the Pub shop, at least once. Last year, I never really thought about doing any work here. I expected it to feel like school. Not even close! Pub shop is full of friendly and helpful people. Writing counslers have helped me work on my first novella, *A Fugitive's Journal*.



Dave McGinnis



This summer was my second one here at Buck's Rock. There is nothing I could write that would be original or new. Here goes anyway. I've made some of my closest friends in the four months I've been here. We've laughed together, cried together, held each other, and loved each other. So I dedicate my page to my friends, new and old. You are the most important people in my life and I love you for it.

Thank you Buck's Rock for being "that kind of camp" despite what people say to make us think otherwise. The most important thing I've learned this summer is happiness, so be happy!

Shelley

The time to be happy is now,
The place to be happy is here,
The way to be happy is to make others so.

-RG Ingersoll

KATE-you worried about me & took care of me even when I told you not to, thank you. Thank for the massages (no pain no gain) & for putting up w/ my masochism. You can squeeze my hand anytime. I love you even if you are a TWIT.

teasing Sam!

Andrew-you made me miss the donut shop. Thank you for your sense of humor and love of teasing Sam!

Marc-thank you for being the best kick-ass counselor in camp. I loved working w/ you & your craziness. I'll see you next summer!

Marisa-it was definitely an interesting story-time w/ you, Kate, Liz, and me. Thank you for talking and listening (to my secrets), and being my girlfriend (JK). Is that a denim ~~CENSORED~~ or are you just happy to see me? (Myo)



The Emily formerly known as Bob. I'll share a birthday w/ you anytime as long as they stay in different to nure, ses, if you need know where you come.

PRODUCTION EDITOR
SHELLEY LAVIN

Isaac, Beth, Phil, Raffi, Jessica, and everyone else who I forgot (or didn't have a picture of) I still love you. Thanks for making my summer what it was.

Liz-you are my wise and wonderful voice of reason. You're smart, beautiful and inspirational (not to mention ego-boosting). Thank you for listening to my self-piteous babble and the advice. I'll live with you any time.

SAM- next time you really don't want to imagine my line and for the best birthday present I gave me. Thank you also for the respect, friendship, and love I live you.

Emily me- thank you for being the swiftest person (and inside too). I didn't have asked for a greater roomie. "It's a fact! there are plenty more in the silverware drawer!"

Myg- You are funee! Thank you for making me feel better now and caring to know why I was happy and being there when I needed a hug.

really thank you and mother for the best two summers of my life.

ERICA BERMAN CO-PRODUCTION EDITOR EDITORIAL

August 8, 1995

From the time that I was three to the time that I was ten, I attended the Emerson Farm Montessori School in Baltimore, Maryland. When I found out that Buck's Rock Camp was based on the Montessori philosophy, I was pleasantly surprised. Now, I see that there are many similarities (as well as some differences) between Buck's Rock Camp and the Montessori school that I went to. (I elaborate on these similarities and differences in my article in the "Camp Life" section of the yearbook.)

I think that the freedom here has taught me to manage my free time well. It has also allowed me to explore all kinds of new things that I do not think I would be able to do anywhere else. The non-competitive and relaxed atmosphere at Buck's Rock has also allowed me to experience some things which I have done before in new and different ways, which has been really fun.

When I arrived here, I did not know exactly what to expect. I was scared and shy, but determined to come into the summer with a positive attitude. This allowed me to make many friends and to try lots of new activities. This summer, I have discovered that I can do these things, by being friendly and assertive. This has helped me to enjoy this experience to the max.

Being a production editor of the yearbook was one of the highlights of the summer. I really enjoyed it, and I learned a lot. It was great to be a part of this project.

I am really glad that I came here, and also that I stayed for eight weeks. Now, I feel that I would not stay for any less if given the choice again.

This summer was a terrific experience overall, and I would like to thank all of the people who made it happen, and all of the great people who I have met here, who have made it a truly excellent summer.

Erica finally
managed to pluck
up the courage
to climb a tree
but could only
find a Bonzai.
Buck's Rock has
many trees, so
this should not
be a problem
in the future.



Erica Berman

Erica Caroline Berman

After reading through editorials of the past, I feel I should be writing this at 2:00 a.m. However, this summer I have attempted to change (Octagon, you know what I mean) and go against the system. In short, I'm writing this at 2:32 p.m. Anyway, I can easily say that I have had the best summer of my life, right here. Except for the heat, a minor identity crisis, and occasionally annoying bunkmates, with their R.E.M. obsession and stationery gambling, this summer could even be called perfect. I can't imagine anything better than spending gobs of time doing photography. I also did something that I never thought I would do--I made a skirt!! I think I even keep with the theme of the yearbook--I've changed.



Okay, since I didn't put any "thank you"s in my Bat Mitzvah speech, I'll put some here. First, thanks to James and Ann for teaching me everything I know. Thanks to Mike for the Cherry Garcia. Thanks to Karyn for the introduction to Ani Difranco, teaching me to blow soap bubbles, and the Nutella. Thanks to Avi for your "sexy legs" in the pool photo. Thanks to Dave for your huge CD collection and for ensuring my exposure to Phish. Vanessa, you are a goddess and we never could have pulled this thing off without you.

"I'm not giving you nose grease"

"Yes, I am a photo C.I.T."

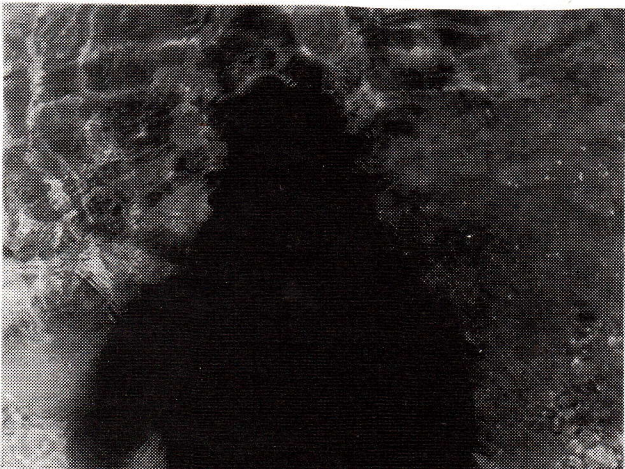
"If it is just for pub, then it is

Thank you, Brett.

"Let's blow bubbles." fine."

Big Al, Vicky, Liz, Debbie Darling, Jaki, Rachie, Lapine, and Ari--Y'all wanted to see your names in print so here they are. Mommy, Daddy, Eric and Deborah--As much as I love y'all these eight weeks away from home have been a blast. Other Debbie-- even though you will probably never see this just know that I love you and We'll stick together forever and ever and be soulmates,

even though you are a day older and smarter. All my friends, especially the Octagon, you've made this summer a truly incredible one, and I love you all. And finally, thanks to Ernst for making a place I never want to leave.



Respectfully submitted,

Adriane Sandler

Photo Editor DAVID GOLDEN



Editor's Note: Dave probably had a lot of people to thank. Unfortunately, he left briefly, just as we were printing editorials, resulting in you staring at a large picture of him looking silly and his name in really big letters. But a picture is worth a thousand words, so look deep into Dave's eyes and feel his thank-you vibe, dudes.



VANESSA HEINKE

TODAY IS A TYPICALLY PLEASANT DAY AND I THINK IT'S REALLY TOO BAD THAT BY THE TIME MOST OF YOU WILL READ THIS, WE'LL ALL BE BACK AT HOME.

I HAD A REAL SUMMER TO DISCOVER, AND THOUGH I CAN'T THANK EVERYONE WHO'S SHAPED MY EXPERIENCE HERE, I WISH I COULD.

ERNST AND MY PARENTS: For making all this possible, and for giving me the love and support I needed to become who I am (respectively).

JESSICA SILBERG: 'cause you've been the bestest friend and I'm so glad we were in the same room. We'll always have those late nights, Seidie, and our memories. **"DON'T STEP TO THIS!"**

DIANA METRICK: "prostitUlt." I think we have a great deal in common and we've got to stay good friends. After all, what would I do without your grammar machine? **I luv you.**

AMANDA HUTCHINSON: Guess what: The tape recorder works again! "What are you, stupid or something?" You've got to come back next year. I miss our horn flake parties. I luv you.

LEAH NELSON: There haven't been any beetles (or Beatles, for that matter) on your bed since you left, so maybe it was you they were after. KIT with your old bunkies...we miss you.

CAREN KRAMER: You are the funky-freshest good friend. Keep dancing and KIT. I'll miss you tons. PS: Good luck with Mike.

BETH KALISCH: I'm so glad I became friends with you. Let's keep in touch and be CITs next year.

DAVID GOLDEN: Thanks for being such a nice guy, photo editor, CIT, etc. You go to Dalton and I go to Hunter so we have to keep in touch. PS: Hath your quest ended? **COOKIE PUSS!**

ADRIANE SANDLER: I'm so glad that we got to know each other and that you're coming back next year. I'll miss singing in the shoppe with you, you Texan goddess. Write me!

ALL THE OTHER OCTAGONERS: Thank you for your hospitality. I'm sorry you aren't all coming back next year, so please write.

ALEX KROLL: You're a mad phat photographer and I'm happy we edited yearbook together.

CRAIG FULLER: I was also honored to have edited foto with you. Of course I will modem you!

GUILLAUME DESCOTTES: Glad you're coming back next year! Cya.

ANDREW AND PETER: You're too unique to require last names for identification in my editorial. Thank you for introducing me to the wonderful world of WBBC.

ALL HUNTER PEOPLE: For making me feel at home.

THE TERRACE HOUSE COUNSELORS AND ASSISTS, ESPECIALLY DEBBIE: Thank you all for your sensitivity, kindness, advice and early morning wakeups.

THE PUB SHOP STAFF: Thank you for being so accomodating and helpful, and for edditng awl my typos.

THE PHOTO STAFF: Especially to Ann and to Karyn + Avi, I appreciate all your help and support. Thx!

THE DANCE STAFF: I feel so much more open and happy about dancing after this summer, thank you so much!

ROOM 80A: (during second session) For Concrete Blondes - "Joey"

TERRACE GIRLS: For making my summer so great, I wish I could thank more of you individually.

ALL THE COUNSELORS, DIRECTORS AND STAFF: You make this place what it is.

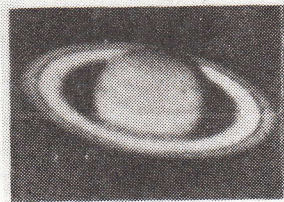
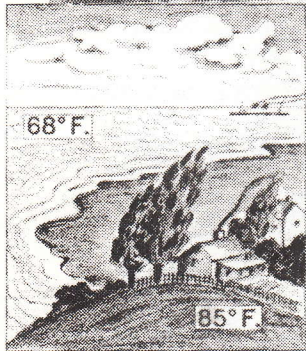
THANK YOU to everyone who isn't written here because if you cared enough to read this far, you must have been as important to me as I am to you.

I HAD SUCH AN INCREDIBLE TIME HERE. I'M DEFINITELY COMING BACK SO YOU'D BETTER COME BACK TOO. I WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER THIS SUMMER.

♥ Vanessa



A VERY SPECIAL THANKS TO:



Bob
Bernie
Lucinda
Janine
Andrew
Mike
Jon
Charlie
Dave
Ian
Steve
Jen
Liz



FOR A DEDICATION AND EFFORT BEYOND ALL EXPLANATION



Poke-A-Nose Your hair! It's green! Well, at least you have Chava
 The goats are loose
 WHERE'S MY COW?!!!!?
 Tampon! (snicker snicker)

ARIANA MOSES MORAL SUPPORT EDITOR

You're not his type
 He likes young blondes
 Well, the legal age....
 I feel so left out

I love you baby, but I just can't smile
 You're scaring me
 1975, no 76!

The summer of 1995 was my fourth summer here at Buck's Rock. This year I was an Animal Farm CIT (**CITs '95 rule**). When I tell most people they say, "Oh.... The farm" with this disgusted look on their faces. But the farm is great and for all those losers who didn't come, **HA HA HA**. I mean how many other places can you watch a cow giving birth? And also how many other --- I would like to apologize for calling everyone who didn't come to the farm losers. Now back to your regularly scheduled editorial --- places can you chase **rabbits** and **geese** and **goats** and.... but I digress. Anyway this summer was really great and I made a lot of **cool** friends. But as everyone knows, I don't like to talk a lot (**stoplaughingChava**) so will get on to my (traditional) list of thank yous:

Thank you to the **Octagon**. The building and the people in it. **Debble, Jaki, Ali, Liz, Vicki, Adriane, RACHEL and Rachel**. Even though you complain I'm never there, I love you all. You made this summer wonderful.

Thanks to **RACHEL S. Adriane and Rachel**. for putting up with my slob pigsty, my bitchiness, and the late night talks, thanks a lot.

Thanks to **Andrea, Helen and Todd**. You are always there working/fooling around/having water fights/mucking (except Todd, I mean, you do all that too, but sometimes you're in New York being a doctor and--- never mind, I'm rambling)

Thanks to **Marc** for being there when I need you and for being a source of amusement.

Thanks to **Caitlin** for all the talks and hugs, and for Annie and her brother, John.

Thanks to **MIKE** for being the greatest pillow ever known to man and woman, and for those great big hugs.

Thanks to **Chava** for being one of the greatest friends I've made at camp, and remember we are that kind of friends! (I love you baby, but I just can't smile)

Thanks to **MikeR**. for Hummuside. You make me laugh; I'm always here if you need to kvetch.

Thanks **Michele, Erin and Katherine** for making me laugh so many times, making me feel left out and for being there when I need to talk.

THANK YOU TO THE PERSON WHO I KNOW I WILL REMEMBER AT 2:00 AM AND WILL WANT TO PUT IN, BUT I CAN'T BECAUSE THIS IS ALREADY FINISHED.

Thanks to the **Pub Shop**. You guys are so great even though you drive me crazy. I learned a lot like HOW tooo tykpe and spill ecsellently and I is using good grammar now. But really, I love this place.

Thanks to **Blythe** for being the greatest Moral Support Co-Editor.

Thanks to **everyone who gave me a hug this summer**. When I needed it and when I didn't.

Thanks to **Josh** for Boston. You made it a trip to remember.

Thanks to the **CITs of 1995**. We are the greatest of all time.

Thanks to **Ernst** for being one of the most interesting people I have ever met.

Thanks to **Jason** for being horndog. Your crushes are a constant source of amusement.

Thanks to **lan** for being one of the most loyal friends to me. When my foot was hurt you were the one who stayed. That meant a lot.

Thanks to **Mommy and Daddy** for the obvious. I really do love you.

Thanks to **EVERYONE WHO WROTE ME** this summer.

Thanks to **ALYSSA** for those late night psychiatrist sessions. You can always bitch to me if I can always bitch to you. Your secrets stay secrets, I promise. You can always wake me up if you need to talk. (can we play therapist?)

And thanks to **ME** for everything I've ever done, and ever will do.



It's not that kind of camp, we're not that kind of friends

You know they have this spot....
 Can I be your love child?
 I'm the only one here without a problem

You're sober today
 I had fun on the bus
 I did LSD tonight, lots of pretty colors

Can we play therapist tonight?
 You did WHAT?!

These are quotes from '95
 Enjoy!

Halie M. Rosenberg
Assistant Moral Support Editor

I can easily say this has been one of my best summers ever! I came not knowing a soul and ended up staying a second month because I was having such a good time! This may sound cheesy, but this really has been a summer of discovery for me. I learned how to do things I had never done before, like glass blowing, developing my own photos, learning how to throw a pot and making really cool rings. The best part about this whole experience for me was that whatever I was doing I was always having lots of fun. Before I thank individual people, I want to just say thanks to everyone who made my summer so incredible!

Mom and Dad- Thank you for providing me with this great opportunity. But besides that thanx for being such understanding and supportive parents! I love you sooo much!

Ed- Thanx for all the talks, advice, basketball sessions and of course for convincing my parents to let me stay!

Marisa- You were my first Buck's Rock buddy. Thanks for looking out for me! Eh, whatever (with 4 fingers) Fry my chameleon, baby. Biongy biongy, s.f. :0) tool and S&M, Spartukus, Wilma & Martha, and much much more!

Alana- My glass blowing buddy! haha ha.....hahaha.....ha! You are such a sweetie! Thanx for taking care of me in my many times of need!

Arden- You're that coolest Nature Girl! Hippie, CHUNK! Thanx for all the fun and "creative" times in photo and other places. Remember I'm always here to scratch your eyes and fend off worms and bunnies!

Elisha- Well they say traumatic experiences bring people together! When's my birthday? He's shorter than me isn't he? I like this bra! Thanx for letting me eat your food and sleep in/on your bed all the time!

Lindsey- Thank God for you and your lap, or I would never meet any guys! Pumpkin pie, Andes mints, golf balls, Bram, BURP, Pantene Pro V. Just remember I'll always be here to give you a back massage!

Laura- Thanx for all the times you made me laugh! Like, "Are you on new medication? They are all over the floor!", drinking fountain baths, and licking blue pills. I missed you, babe.

Sarah- Whenever I needed to talk, you always seemed to be there for me. Remember, everybody farts! I've missed you too!

Liz S.- Thanx for all the hugs, advice, and locations! I love you!

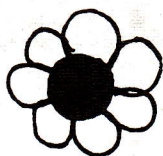
Myliissa, Debbie, Rachel- Thanx for being such cool counselors and for always understanding!

Hugs and Kisses to- Rachel L., Marc, Phil, Gwen, Aaron, Kate, Shelly, Lindsey E., Amy, Michelle, Nora, Reisha, Simone, Ali, Rachel O., Liz K., Beth, Myq, Ruth, Eli, Rafi, Estela I love you all! And special thanks to Ernst!

If I missed anyone, I'm sorry. I love you too!

Let's hope my camp withdrawal isn't too bad!

I'll miss you all!



"I eat winter in the dead of icecream!" - me (of course)!!

PLEASE READ THIS - IT'LL MAKE ME FEEL IMPORTANT

BY THE SHELTON MORAL SUPPORT EDITOR

THIS SUMMER HAS BEEN GREAT FOR ME! I MADE FRIENDS, A DRESS, A STUFFED ELEPHANT, A STUFFED CHICKEN COMPLETE WITH CLOTHES, BAGS, AND OF COURSE, I GAVE MORAL SUPPORT. THAT MADE THE PEOPLE WHO WORKED HARD ON THE YEARBOOK HAPPY. WHAT IS EVEN MORE AMAZING IS THAT I DEVELOPED A PHOTO. IT WAS HARD, BUT I DID IT.

I TRIED OTHER SHOPS TOO, BUT I DON'T FEEL LIKE LISTING THE STUFF I MADE AT THEM. THE COUNSELORS WERE HELD YOU OUT A LOT WITH WHAT YOU'RE MAKING. THEY SEEM HAPPY TO HELP YOU AND ARE EXCITED TO SEE YOUR FINISHED PIECE. I'D JUST LIKE TO SAY THANK YOU TO ANY COUNSELOR WHO HELPED MAKE MY SUMMER SO SPECIAL.

IN MOST EDITORIALS THEY HAVE MANY THANK YOUS TO INDIVIDUAL PEOPLE WHO MADE THE SUMMER SO MAGICAL. I LIKE THE IDEA SO HERE I GO.

MY THANK YOUS THAT MAKE OTHERS FEEL IMPORTANT

A GIANT, ENORMOUS, HUMINGOUS THANK YOU TO KATE FOR CALLING ME A GODDESS & BEING NICE & NOT TAKING OUT YOUR "YEARBOOK STRESS" OUT ON ME. THANK YOU JALYN FOR BEING SUCH A NICE PERSON AND LETTING ME SIT ON YOUR BED & EAT YOUR FLATBREAD. THANK YOU CARLY FOR BEING A SUPER BUNDMATE AND BEING SO FUN TO TALK TO. THANK YOU ALEXA FOR BEING SO COOL & FOR LETTING ME TALK & TALK & TALK & TALK ETC. THANK YOU NICOLE FOR TELLING ME ABOUT POLYUNSATURATED FAT AND WONDERFUL WITCH HAZEL. THANK YOU JO & JUSTINE FOR BEING THE BEST HOUSE COUNSELORS A KID CAN ASK FOR. THANK YOU ALL THE COUNSELORS AT SEWING SHOP FOR YOUR TIME & PATIENCE. WITHOUT YOU, SEWING SHOP WOULD BE A DISASTER. THANK YOU SHANA FOR CARING AND NOT MINDING "CHOCOLATE!" THANK YOU SARAH FOR TEACHING ME HOW TO HAVE A CONVERSATION. THANK YOU ROSE & CELINE YOU BOTH HAVE BEEN SO COOL AND ROSE, YOU'VE BEEN REALLY FUNNY. THANKS FOR LETTING ME WRITE STUFF TO YOUR MOM & DAD. I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A SERIAL KILLER. THANK YOU DISPENSARY FOR ICE POPS & MEDICINE. THANK YOU MOM & DAD FOR SENDING ME HERE. AND A GIGANTIC, HUGE, BIG THANK YOU TO ERNST FOR MAKING 'BUCK'S ROCK' - POSSIBLE.

SPECIAL THANKS TO
GIRL'S HOUSE UP FOR
BEING A GREAT BUNK.

Thank you anyone else
who made my Summer
sooooo Great!



BY THE SHELTON



MASCOT: MARC MAYER

I am the mascot of Phoenix. No, it doesn't mean I am a bird. Rather than represent the yearbook bird, maybe I am a symbol of the people who put so much work into Buck's Rock and the yearbook. Sometimes symbols aren't accurate. How could I stand for the love and dedication that all the editors (especially Emily and Kate) put in to make this book a piece of art? What a hard job to live up to.

I have learned more this summer than any other summer here at camp. Perhaps it is because I have grown up a lot since last year. I have noticed things I hadn't before. The many things I have experienced have made it a weird and valuable summer. Early in the summer, I talked to Ernst. Before that conversation, I just praised him for being the father of this wonderful place. After hearing the basis of the camp and the process of his creation, I have found the ultimate respect and admiration for him. My first thank you goes to you, Dr. Bulova.

I loved being an Animal Farm CIT. How could you not love it? The staff was great. Andrea and Helen were kind, funny, hard working, and added a lot of personality to the farm. The other farm CITs (Ariana, Caitlin, and Mike) are some of my closest friends. Todd, though only there part-time, was a driving force for me to work hard, while to enjoy the summer too. So thank you all very much for making it fun to work on the farm and for taking me to Agway.

I have so many people to thank on the rest of this page: Katherine, Alana, Spencer, Phil, Rebecca, Anna, Chava, Craig, Erin, and Michele - thanks for being good farmies. Thank you John and Sandy for just being there for us, the CITs. Marisa, you are a great friend to me. Gillian, Rosie, Matt Dicke, and Jen Holmes. Kate, Emily (Meg), Emily (Bob), Emily Prager, (we need to differentiate the Emilies), Phil Haspel, Rafi, Evan, Roger (who are my weird but entertaining roommates), you guys have made this summer great. Emily Brochin and Beth Kalish, you get a very special thank you for helping me deal with my feelings.

Thanks to Liz Scheier and Jen Berson, because you both were really cool JCs and good friends. How could I forget to thank Brett? Gee, I wonder. Just kidding! Thank you Joyce for your help on my glass casting. I would like to thank the awesome staff of the Pub Shop. And last but not least, my family who I love, Mom, Dad, and Daniella. -



Thank you all,

Marc



How do these animals work?

-Andrea

Cochrane

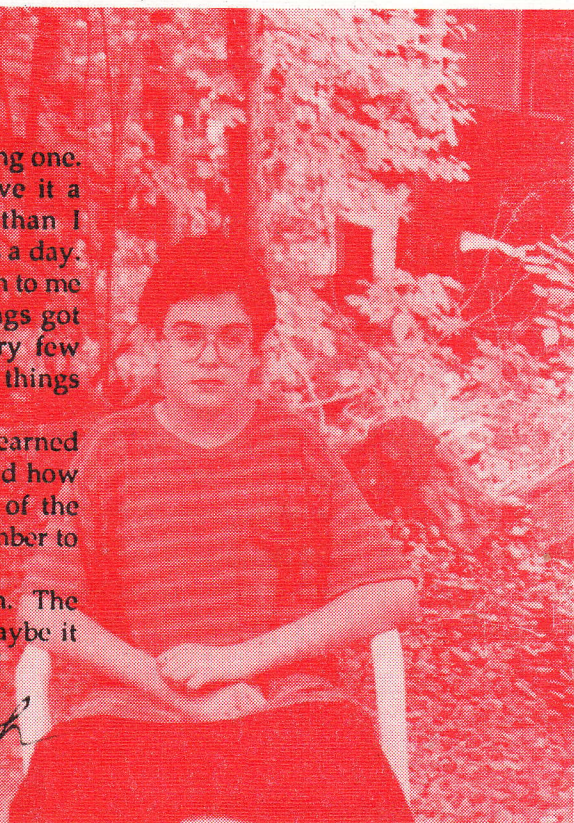
Editorial of Mike Radosh Assistant Production Editor

This year, my second here, has been an exciting one. I was never in Pub last year, but I decided to give it a chance. Being an assist. demanded more time than I thought. I had to be in there an average of two hours a day. The minute I stepped in the Pub Shop, Bob would be on to me like shrink wrap on a stack of pages. Ha, Ha! Things got pretty hectic. There seemed to be a meeting every few days, and they were usually about trying to hurry things up.

I did learn many things in production. I learned how to shrink wrap; to make plates to be printed; and how to work on the dummy, which is an early version of the yearbook. I also got to experience ink. I had to remember to wear cheap clothes when I worked in Pub.

Being an assistant production editor was fun. The counselors were cool, but everyone got nervous. Maybe it had to do with the distinctive smell of the Pub Shop!

Mike Radosh



The Editorial Of Philip Sacks

Although this is summer, I am keeping in the tradition of writing for school by writing this editorial the night before it is due.

Because I only have half a page it would be pointless to try and summarize this summer here at Buck's Rock. I'd have more room but I'm not an editor. Thanks Pub.

I'd like to thank my house counselors, Chris and Pete, for always being there for me; my roommates, Roy, Nysos, Spencer, and Dan for doing whatever it is roommates do, and of course, Ernst, the founding father of this camp, for giving me the best summers of my life.

INSIDE JOKE TIME!!!

"I don't like him, he was just feeding me berries." "OOOOOOH!!! Eeeeeeee!!!!" "Let's make a shingle in Wood to stop the leak...Let's make it in Weaving!!!!" "The ten foot tall green men want their money." "Boy, the floor show at Carvel was really entertaining." "Oh, Phil and his Chest Enhancer!!!!" "Okay, sure... uh, by the way, what is this for?" "Ow, my thumb!" "Philip, shut up and get in the car!" "The cow almost gave birth." "I am God and I will smite thee!!!!" "Ow... Right in the solar plexus!"

Have a good year, don't cut class, stay away from that weed, that Thai Bud, and the moral of this story is, "look both ways before counting your chickens in one basket while crossing the street and looking in the mouth of a gift horse." Speaking of which, why did the chicken cross the road?

Thank you Buck's Rock,

Philip Sacks

Philip Sacks





"So I'll continue to continue to pretend
my life will never end,
and flowers never bend with the rainfall."

-Simon and Garfunkel

"I have tried too in my time to be a philosopher; but I
don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking
in."

-Oliver Edwards

Phoenix: A Letter From Ernst

Phoenix. The title of your yearbook was arrived at by consensus and united effort, as was the whole book you are holding in your hands. You turn the pages. You read. You return to the title of the book: Phoenix. The word you placed at the front page. A word. And you ponder.

What is a word? What does it stand for? Is it a symbol? An emblem, a token or a sign? And suddenly you wonder. What is it that you have committed to print, that you have endowed with permanence? What is a word? What does it stand for? Does a word represent abstract meaning that is given a concrete material form?

We are using words all the time. We communicate with each other through the use of words, we write, we exchange information, we convey thoughts and feelings and by doing so, we create new thoughts and feelings within ourselves. We could change "cogito ergo sum" ("I think, therefore I am") into "I use words, I speak, therefore I am."

Suddenly, you may be almost overwhelmed by the miracle of the word, by the miracle of speech. It has evolved from incoherent sounds into meaningful expression, repeated in every individual human life cycle. It is miraculous. Is it the only miracle that encircles us? No. We are surrounded by miracles of our making, miracles we create and use all the time without being aware of their magical nature.

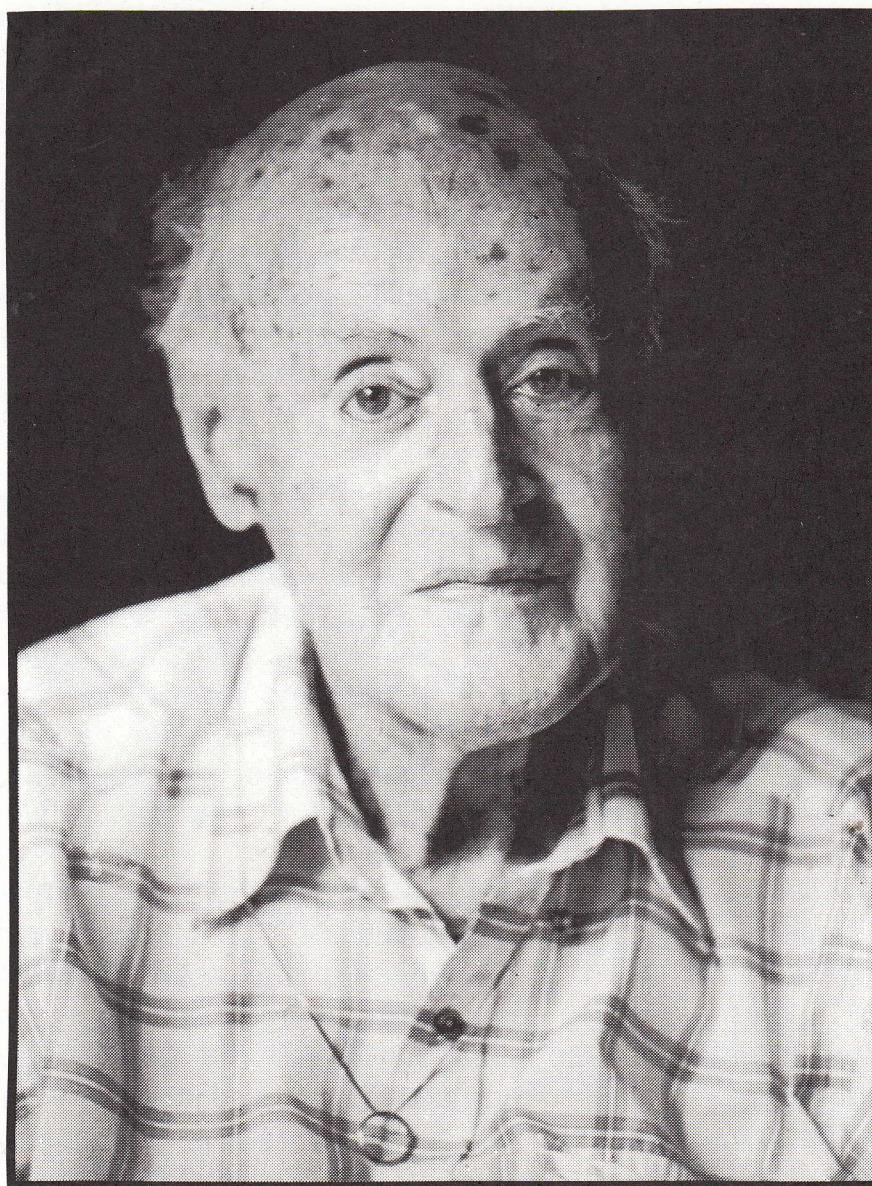
And now we have used a word to introduce our book: Phoenix. As magical a word as the bird it denotes. A bird. He is supposed to live for 500 years or longer, clad in a plumage of gold and purple feathers, resplendent in his appearance. Then after a long life, Phoenix sets himself on fire. The Fire-bird in death, as radiant as he was in life, resembles the sun sinking beyond the horizon into a crimson sea. Nothing is left, but ashes in the terrible darkness of the night. But, lo, morning comes, the sun rises, the sun that has created life on earth and sustains it through whirlwind, violence and destruction.

And so rises Phoenix, the sun's symbol. He rises from the ashes, rejuvenated in all his shining beauty, like the sun, adorning and illuminating the world and everything that crawls and swims and walks. Existing, nothing can destroy him and his death leads to rebirth after rebirth, new beginnings that will not perish in aeons to come. Thus speaks Phoenix. Thus speaks hope: that everything once created will exist in all eternity.

It is this vision that encouraged you this summer to do what you did. Nothing that you have achieved, designed, conceived,

performed, accomplished, experienced and brought into being will ever become extinct. Like all human creations, it lives on in the impact it has on generations to come. Just as we have built on the achievements of people who have lived before us, so will the generations following us build on what we have created. That is immortality, the only immortality we can expect. That is the immortality of the Fire-bird, indestructible in his vulnerability. That is the legend of the Phoenix, for whom you named the Yearbook of 1995.

Dr. Ernst Bulova



Ernst

Directors' Letter

With the triumphs and accomplishments of the summer of 1995 still fresh in our minds, we would like to dedicate it to the men, women, boys and girls who made it a memorable and gratifying one for everyone associated with Buck's Rock.

The counselors who chose to be a part of the Buck's Rock family demonstrated a true sense of pride and professionalism in their approach to working together in a spirit of cooperation. They consistently generated an atmosphere in which enthusiasm and energy abounded.

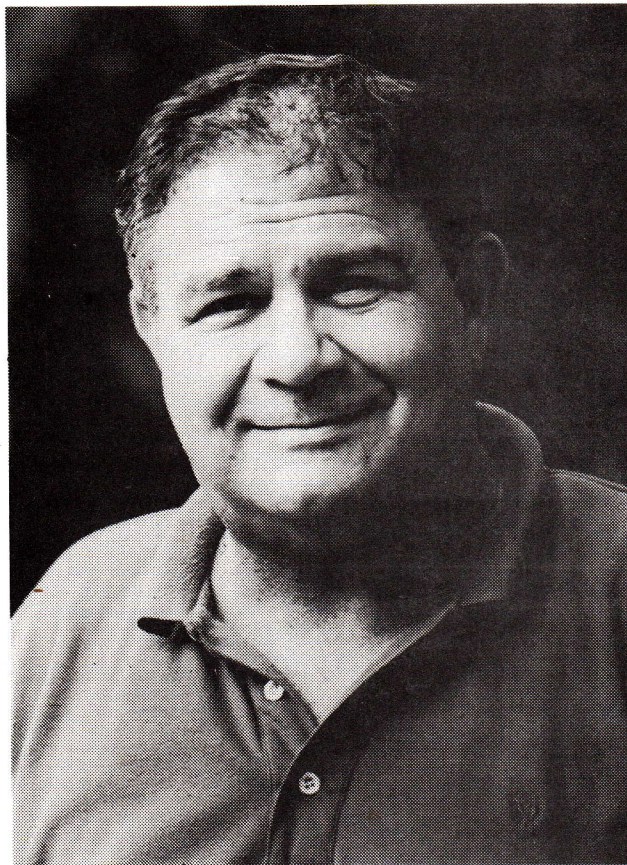
Our students were encouraged to take risks and they did. The results were oftentimes achievements that transcended realistic expectations and elevated interests and commitments to new levels. The performances and works of art our campers created reflected a true love for the arts and honored a promise to the philosophy of Buck's Rock: to explore, create, and take chances in a supportive setting where the finished product may be less significant than the processes involved in getting there.

And yes, let us not forget the newly formed friendships. Both counselors and campers alike were total strangers welcoming and completely accepting one another into their lives. How exciting it is to be leaving Buck's

Rock and yet know that the treasures of this magical summer experience are new found friendships cultivated and nourished in our camp community.

As our 53rd consecutive summer draws to a close, the continuing adventure that is Buck's Rock goes on. Like the Phoenix arising from the ashes, each summer is somehow related to those before it. But at the same time, it is unique and special, drawing upon past experiences and reaching out into the future.

And now, for the next ten months we will all go on our separate ways as we scatter across the United States and to distant lands. Yet, we will all be as one, having shared something very special this summer.



Marlene Stan



Ed
Marilyn



All of us at Buck's Rock congratulate you on a job well done and wish you a wonderful year filled with a continued enthusiasm for living with the promise of new adventures ahead.

We look forward to seeing you at reunion and hope to see you again next summer.



Phyllis

Bob

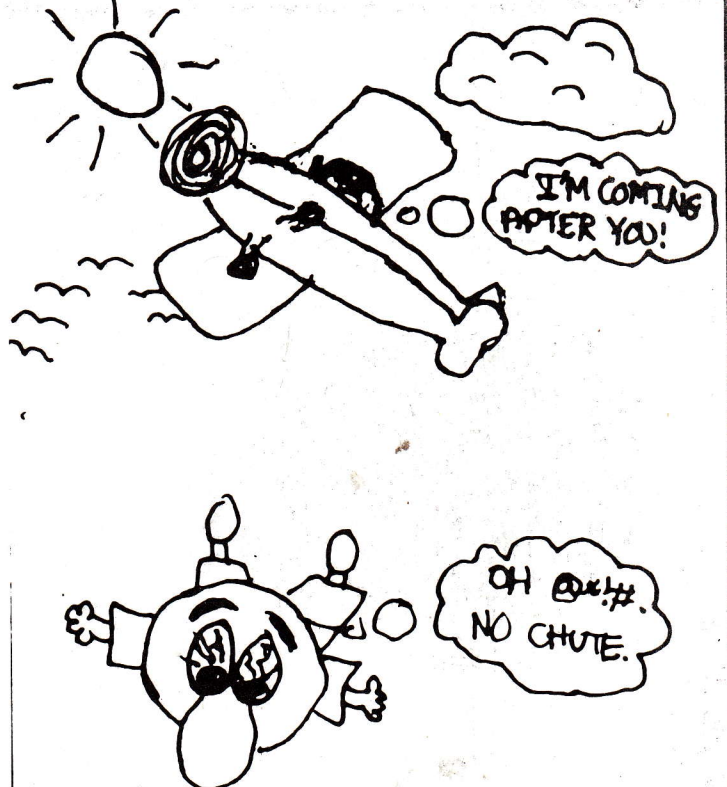
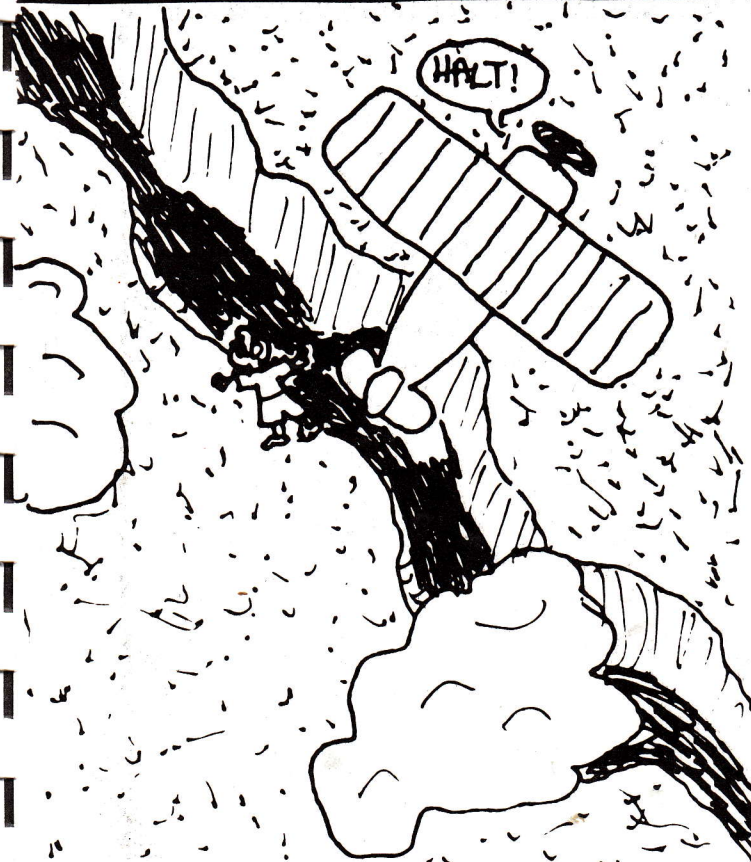
A FEW
CARTOONS
AND
DRAWINGS
THAT CAME
A LITTLE
LATE...

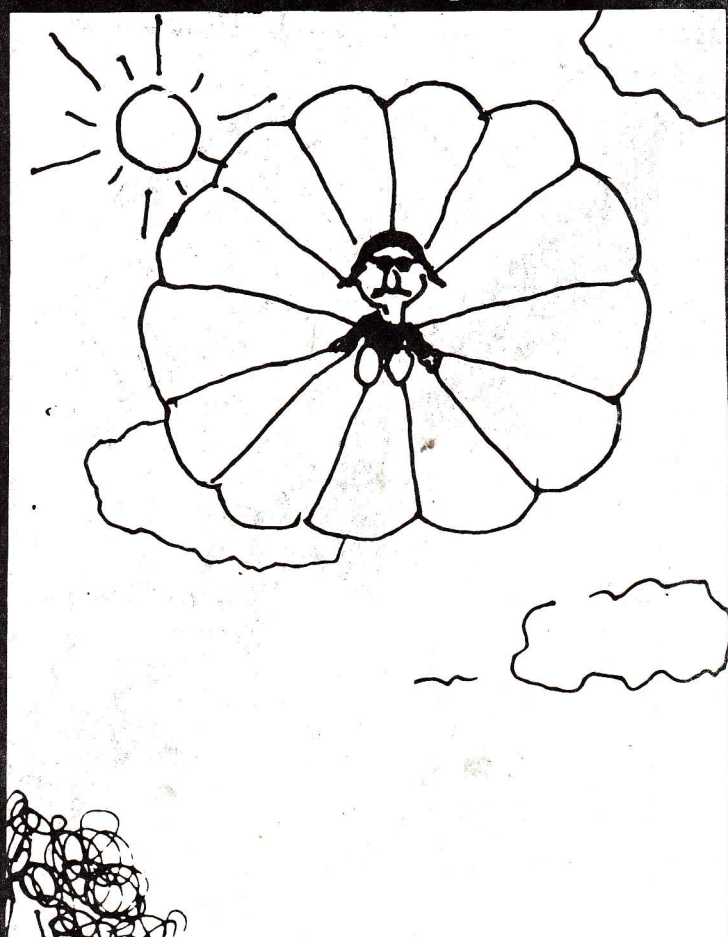
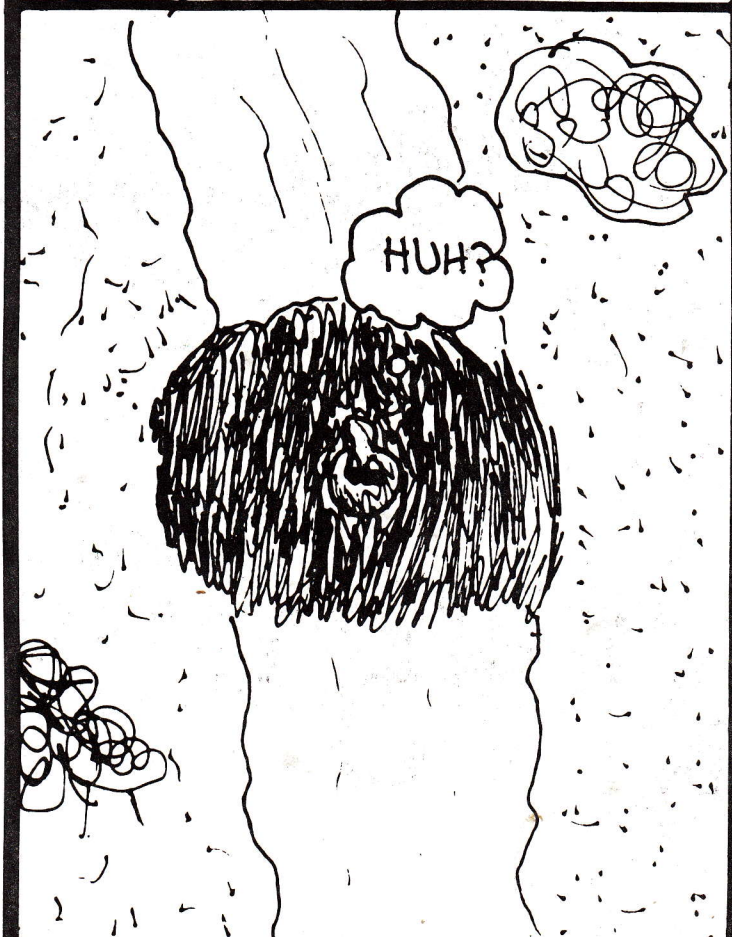
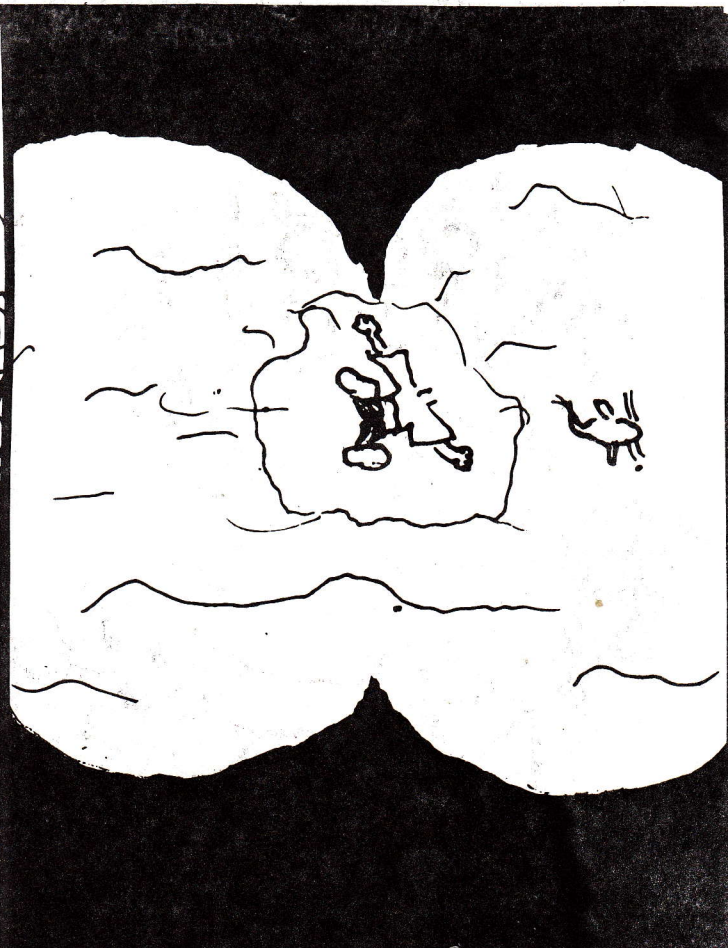


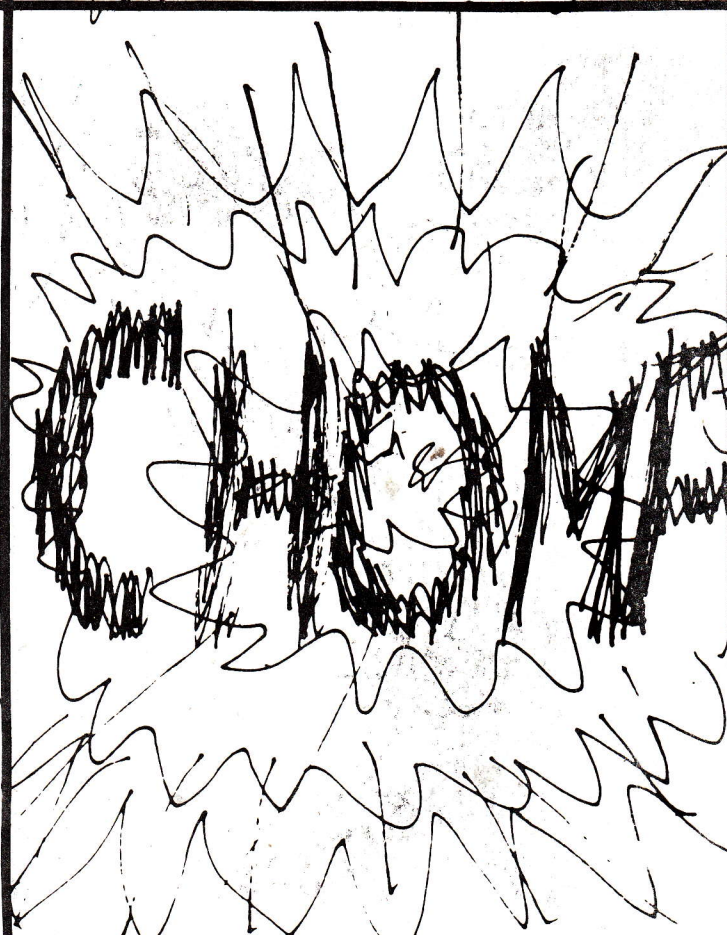
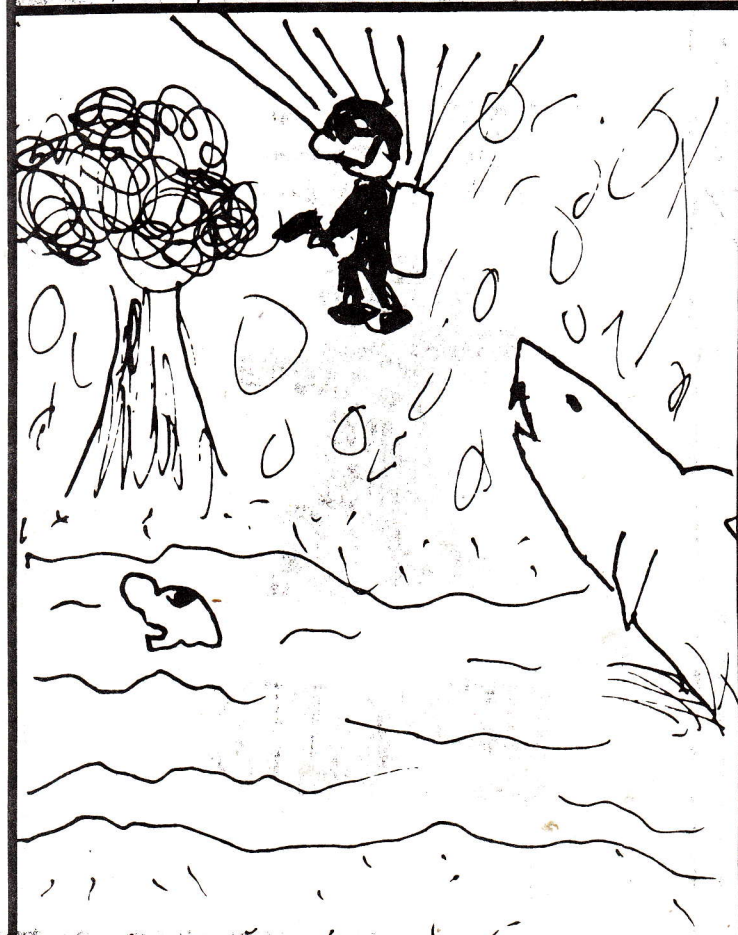
Painting by Ben Kramer.

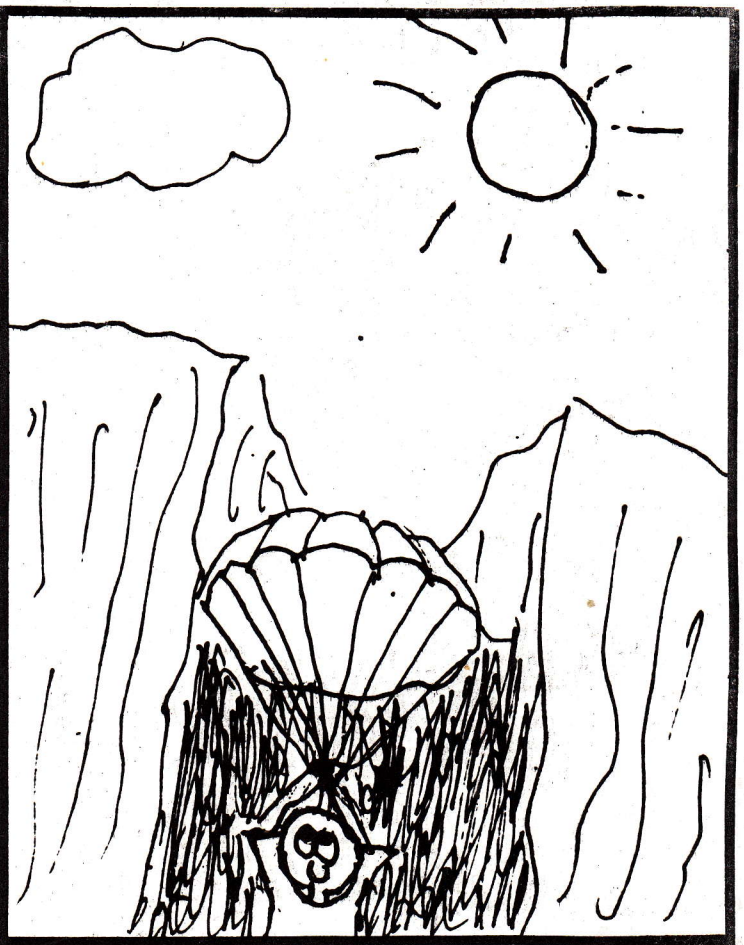
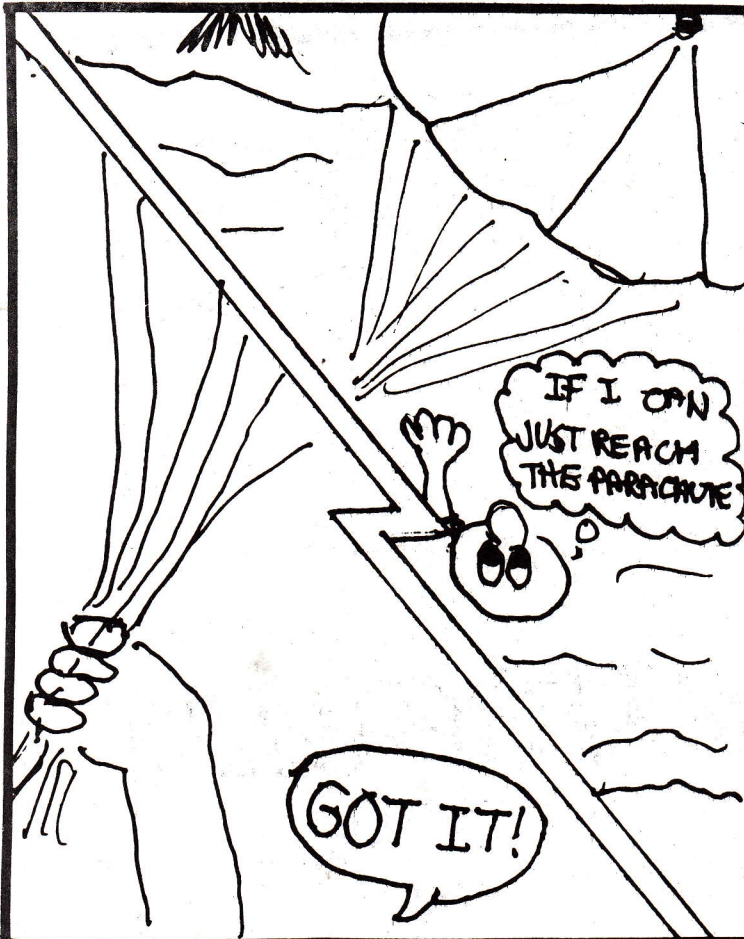
RUPERT'S ADVENTURE

BY GREGORY GOLDMAN









THE



END





Rachel Golden.



Al. D.



AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

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AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

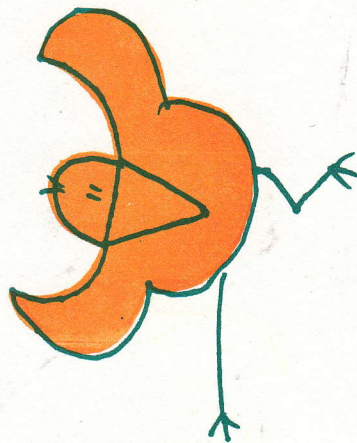
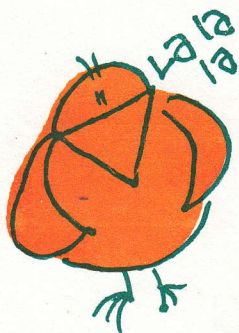
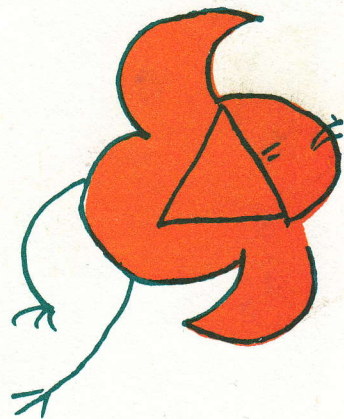
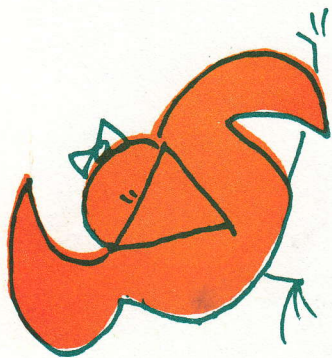
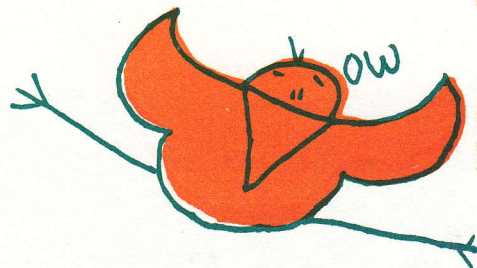
AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS



Autogates

Autogates

Hey Guys and Gals!!

Here are two reminders for you and your parents to note about Bucks Rock Camp

The final early season enrollment date for all sessions is DECEMBER 1st, 1995

The annual REUNION will be held on —

★ SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10th ★

from 2:30 pm to 4:30 pm At the:

NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE

WHICH IS LOCATED AT

2 WEST 64th STREET in NEW YORK CITY
(off Central Park)

SNACK WILL BE SERVED!

We hope to see you there!

ADDRESS: BUCKS ROCK CAMP, 362 VERMONT AVE, OCEANSIDE, N.Y. 11572!



Jon Leigh '95

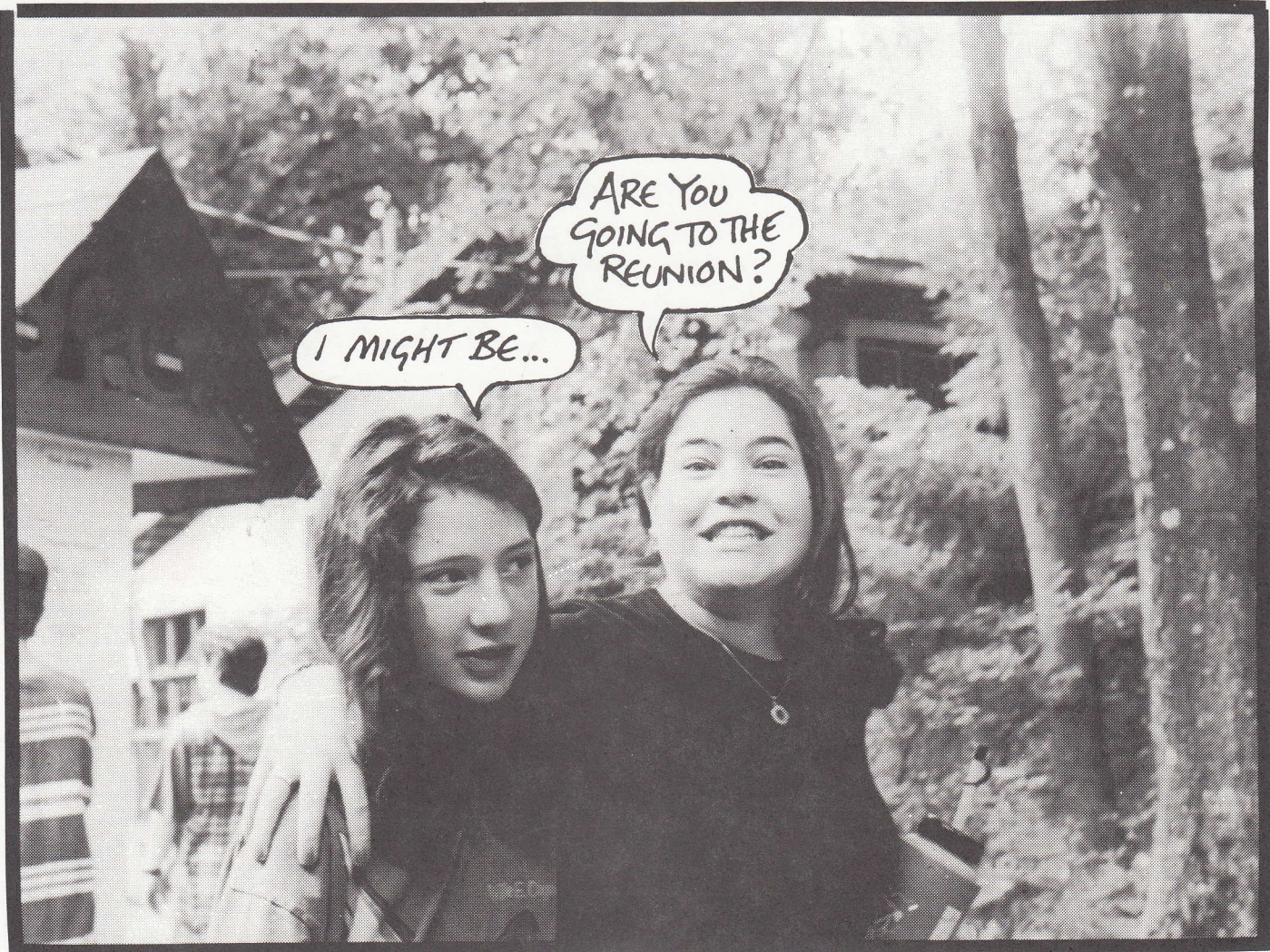


Photo by Tony Makaroni

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Myq Kaplan-assistant writing
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Jake Bauman-art and layout
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Spelling Apologies: Abigail Levin, Beth Kalisch, Adriane
Sandler, and anyone else whose name we've misspelled.

Special Thanks: Ernst, WBBC, Photo, Silkscreen, the direc-
tors, our mommies and daddies, the cute little skunk that
hangs around Pub late at night and everyone else (you
know who you are).

In Memory of
Jennifer Currie
Pub Shop Counselor – 1990, 1991

We can't know why
the lily has so brief
a time to bloom
in the warmth of sunlight's kiss
upon its face,
before it folds its fragrance in
and bids the world goodnight
to rest its beauty in a gentler place

but we can know that nothing
that is loved is ever lost

and no one who has ever touched a heart
can really pass away,
because some beauty lingers on
in each memory of which she's been a part.

–E. Brenneman





Buck's Rock Camp, 59 Buck Rock Road, New Milford, CT 06776